VOL. CCXXV, No. 2933
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JUNE 16, 1956

The SPHERE

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— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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A film star? Never. A soldier? Once.
An explorer? In a manner of speaking . . .
An artist? Certainly! . . .
and a most designing individual.
What's more, a man with a reputation
for understanding the good things of life.
Let's have a word with him.

Sir! Will you join us in a small glass of something?

Why, thank you. I will. Not too small, if you don't mind . . . and not too strong.

A dry Martini?

This morning I feel more inclined to a straight vermouth—shall we say a Martini Dry. And I'll take it, if I may, in a large glass. You can't appreciate a first-rate vermouth in thimblefuls.

That's an interesting answer.
We'll have the same. Nothing with it?

Coldness—a good barman provides that free! And an olive by all means. The colour of an olive tones well with the Martini. The flavour of an olive doesn't quarrel with the subtleties in the glass. Settings are important. I wouldn't, for instance, drink even a Martini from a chipped china mug.

But, china mugs apart . . . ?

There's no better drink in the wide world than Martini, dry or sweet. You can quote Hardy Amies on that.

Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry

MURIEL PAVLOW IN 'REACH FOR THE SKY'

Very visible export

A GOOD BRITISH FILM makes a good British export. In these difficult days doubly so. Unlike many other visible exports we don't have to import expensive raw materials before we can export our finished product. We are selling British beauty and British brains.

Of these there is an inexhaustible supply, renewing itself with each new generation. Overseas earnings of British pictures are almost all *IN*come. And these earnings are substantial. *One half of the total film earnings of the Rank Organisation comes from abroad.*

As one example, the Rank Organisation film 'Doctor in the House' has so far been shown in 39 different overseas countries and, with a large part of the world still to play, has already been seen by nearly 16 million people.

Other new British pictures which we hope will do as well, or better, are on their way this year from Pinewood — in all a £3½ million programme of 20 first feature films for the entertainment of world audiences.

Amongst them is 'The Spanish Gardener', a drama set in Spain and starring Dirk Bogarde; 'Reach for the Sky', the story of Douglas Bader, a deathless record of indomitable courage, starring Kenneth More with Muriel Pavlow, the young British actress shown here; and 'The Battle of the River Plate', that brilliant feat of British arms in the darkest days of the war.

But the purpose of this advertisement is not to persuade you to see these pictures, great as we believe them to be. It is to seek your enlightened support for the British film industry as a whole. Only informed public opinion can create the conditions in which our film makers can go on forging ahead. They are doing great things already. They can do more. They can lead the world.

The Rank Organisation plays an important part in this enterprise, but we seek no special privileges. We indulge in no special pleading.

We are film makers. We are showmen. But we are proud of what we make and what we show. We believe we are taking a true picture of British life and character to people all over the world who pay to see our pictures.

Our job is not to preach or proselytise. It is to entertain. But whether we make films of fact or fiction we try to avoid the sham and the shoddy. British films can do more than make money for Britain; they can make friends. Both, we believe, are of paramount importance.

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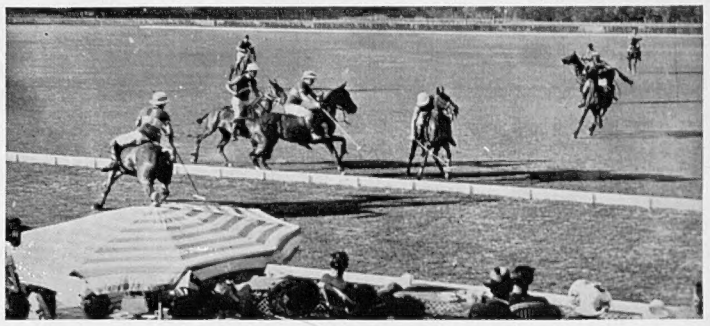

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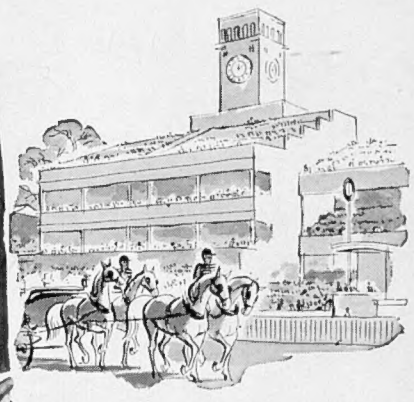

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Modern protection strikes a more practical note. Take packaging for example. Here the products of Thames Board Mills give really substantial protection. That is why so many goods that are milled and processed, bought and sold, stored and used in these islands, are packed in "Fiberite" cases or in cartons made from "Thames Board". For this protection is sure and solid, proved beyond doubt.

As industry expands it has greater need for more and better packaging—greater need for "Thames Board" and "Fiberite". Thames Board Mills were pioneers of modern packaging in this country. And today their extensive factories—the most up-to-date in the industry—make the greatest contribution to British packaging, whether for home or export needs.

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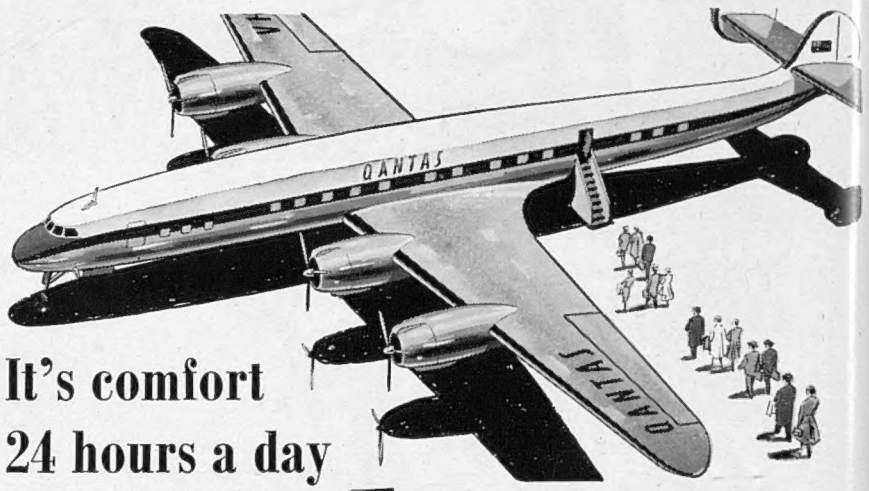

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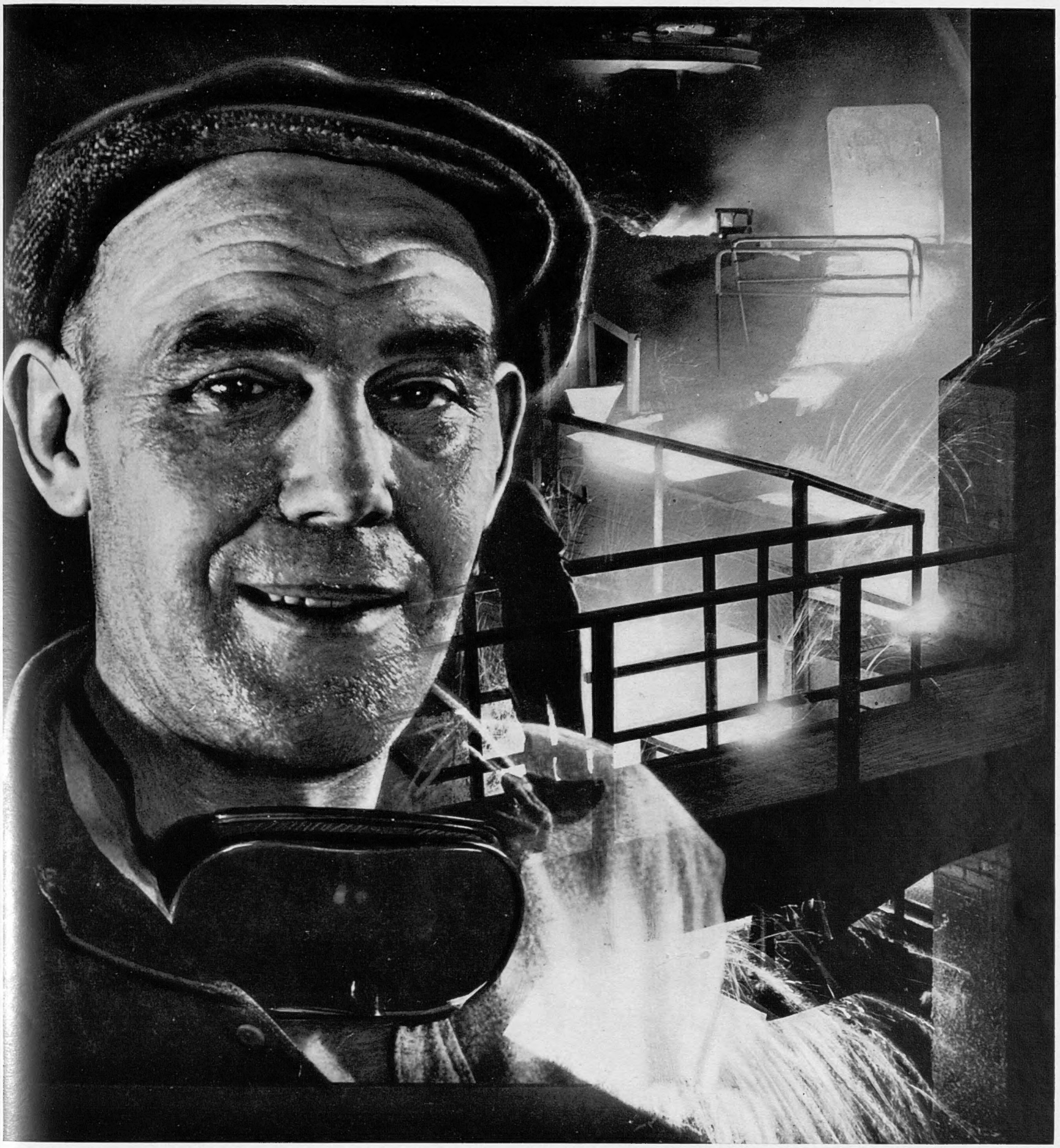


Steelworks, steelworker

ALAN GLENTWORTH is a Helper on Queen Anne Furnace—one of the four blast furnaces in a Lincolnshire steel plant named after English Queens. His team is one of three. In the eighteen months after this plant was opened output went up by 34%.

Iron from these furnaces goes into the making of ships' plates, sections and girders for buildings, and alloy steels for engines and engine components—right down to your car's sparking plugs.

As the world's demand grows, British steelmakers increase their efforts to turn out steel of the quality and quantity needed. Behind these increased efforts are men of the calibre of Alan Glentworth.

British steel leads the world

S.105. THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Take a BENTLEY into partnership

Volume CCXXV No. 2933

The SPHERE, London, June 16, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN'S STATE VISIT TO SWEDEN—FROM A BALCONY OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF STOCKHOLM, HER MAJESTY, WITH KING GUSTAV, ACKNOWLEDGES THE CONTINUOUS CHEERS OF THE CROWDS BELOW : She and the Duke of Edinburgh, with members of the Swedish Royal Family, had just been listening to the welcome from massed choirs outside the Palace before the State Banquet on the first day of the visit. After the choral programme was finished the enthusiastic crowds, cramming every space round the palace, kept up a chant of "We want Elizabeth," to which the Queen responded by repeatedly coming back to the balcony.

The arrival of the Royal yacht *Britannia* in Stockholm, with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on board, was the start of a tremendous demonstration of Anglo-Swedish fervour. Throughout the ensuing days there was abundant evidence of the conviction expressed by King Gustav in one of his speeches that "to-day the British and the Swedish peoples stand closer than ever before." In the State Visit of last week-end the Queen and her husband carried out a busy programme. Besides the State Banquet, their engagements included visits to the Swedish Historical Museum, a worker's cottage and a children's home. On Saturday night they were present at a gala performance at the Royal Opera House. On Sunday, which was the Duke of Edinburgh's thirty-fifth birthday, they attended a service at the English Church. In the afternoon the Queen rode with King Gustav in a State carriage to the opening of the Equestrian Olympic Games. This ended the formal State Visit, but the Queen and the Duke, joined by other members of their family, remained in Stockholm to watch the Olympic Equestrian events. (Other pictures from Sweden on pages 392–93.)

Postage—Inland, 3d. ; Canada, 1½d. : Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

EARL ATTLEE RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF ABERDEEN: He is seen accepting from Lord Provost George Stephen a casket to commemorate the occasion in Aberdeen's Music Hall. Lord Bilsland was also honoured at the same ceremony. In his speech after signing the Burgess Roll, Earl Attlee said he had received the freedom of cities in England and Wales, and was now complete in being an honorary Scot. At another ceremony both new freemen received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws of Aberdeen University.

SIR JOHN HARDING IN LONDON: The Governor of Cyprus leaves the Colonial Office after talks with the Colonial Minister, Mr. Lennox-Boyd. Also during his visit to London the Field-Marshal saw the Prime Minister and General Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

"MAYOR'S DAY" SERVICE AT EYE, IN SUFFOLK: Mr. Cavendish Morton, the artist, whose work is well known to "Sphere" readers and who has been elected Mayor of Eye for 1956-57, is seen leaving the Town Hall to attend the traditional service for "Mayor's Day" at the parish church. Walking behind the Mayor is Lieut.-Colonel J. Harwood Harrison, M.P. for Eye. Also taking part in the procession were members of the Council and representatives of public organisations. Eye is one of England's smallest boroughs.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.*; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.*, £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.*, £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Evil that Men Do.—Public men of all countries can confidently expect a favourable obituary notice at the time of their deaths and funerals. If they look further into the future, they can confidently expect a corrective biography. The funeral oration, the obituary, is usually a *lying-in-state. De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is just good manners, and in England, when a public man receives a too critical obituary, we usually feel it is not cricket. But a year or so later, the archives open up, tongues, conventionally silent, wag again, and then we usually get a more balanced picture. But sometimes the new picture is just as unbalanced as the death-mask picture, sometimes the warts conceal all the dimples in the second portrait. And so maybe it was with Stalin. If the Khrushchev speech last February debunking Stalin is an accurate and full report of what Khrushchev said, then indeed the lying-in-state was an instance of good manners rare even among Western nations, and very rustic "cricket-at-its-best" at that.

> The evil that men do lives after them.
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

How true the old saws are! What a great man and prophet Shakespeare was! And how wise to put a curse on him who disturbed his bones. For really nowadays the lot of a public man famous in his lifetime is extremely hard. The best he can hope for is a conventionally polite obituary issued before his interment. After that . . . one of two melancholy alternatives. The first, that he will be totally forgotten within a decade. The second, that his reputation will grow dingier and dingier as the archives give up their secrets and tongues wag on, until his features are totally obscured by a rash of warts. In either case, he can hope for no hallowed niche in posterity's Valhalla.

Molotov Retires.—Mr. Molotov offered his resignation as Foreign Minister (though not apparently that of First Deputy Premier). It was accepted by the Presidium without embroidery (regrets and praise for past services) and his successor was announced as Mr. Shepilov, editor of *Pravda*, a post once held by Molotov. Molotov is sixty-six, young as they go. No Russian statesman has been more in the picture at U.N. Sessions and no other Russian has had the task of saying "No" more often. If responsibility ages men, the last twenty years should have added many years (or the consequences of advancing age) to Molotov's total. But, in point of fact, he has worn better and presented usually a more calm and courteous front than most of his colleagues. Indeed, he always appeared a little more nearly of the Western pattern of diplomat than most of his colleagues. But American opinion has always reckoned him a "hard old Bolshevik" and considers that he has been too completely identified with Stalinism to suit the new look in the Kremlin, although apparently only death prevented Stalin from murdering him. Above all, he was far from *persona grata* with Tito, who regarded him as a chief factor in the situation which led to the breach between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia. The Kremlin was aware of this, and when the recent wooing visit was paid to Yugoslavia, Molotov was not of the party. Accordingly, Molotov's resignation on the eve of Tito's return visit to Moscow was timely, if not deliberately timed. Yet Mr. Molotov was in his usual place in the hierarchy, to shake the visitor's hand at the airport. Fifteen years ago, if the word Molotov had come up in the parlour game of "Unwinding," it would have suggested to 90 per cent. of the players the word "Cocktail." Between 1946 and 1954 it would have suggested the word "No." Now it may suggest anything or nothing. Perhaps Molotov retired solely because he was tired of his heavy portfolio; perhaps because he thought Stalin not quite so black as Khrushchev painted him. Mr. Molotov has deserved his rest.

Cruelty to Children.—To report and to prevent as early as possible instances of cruelty to children is certainly everybody's business. The latest report on this subject—the joint examination by the B.M.A. and the Magistrates' Association—shows that cruelty to children in some form or another is still terribly rife: 100,000 cases a year are reported to the Society and found true. As many more are never reported. One in a hundred reported comes before the courts and not all those end satisfactorily for the victims. The facilities are often non-existent. The causes of cruelty are too complex for standardisation and even for comprehension. It is not a matter only of physical cruelty. The cruelty may be caused by the actions of parents unrelated directly to the children themselves. It may be an oblique mental cruelty caused by a bad example or by the atmosphere of a broken home. Perhaps the very complexity of the subject lends colour to a belief that the average Briton is more easily moved to horror at some instance of cruelty to a dog or a heifer than to one concerned with a child. We are lovers of animals. We are also said to be lovers of children. But it is far easier for us to recognise gross physical cruelty than oblique mental cruelty, and in the case of animals, the cruelty observed is usually of the physical kind. For "wretched blind pit ponies and little hunted hares" we are up in arms and quickly open our pockets to an appeal for protection. The children of an unhappy marriage, surrounded as they may be by every luxury and spoilt in turn by either parent, are less obvious targets for our sentimentality. The nagging thought of a dog in agony or a rabbit in a gin may disturb our night's repose. A spoilt child is too often a long-term headache which needs no opiate to-night.

VISITORS FROM KUWAIT

A TOUR OF PORTSMOUTH FOR THE ARAB STATE'S CHIEF OF PUBLIC SECURITY: His Excellency Sheikh Abdulla al Mubarak al Subah, C.I.E. (right), Kuwait's Chief of Public Security and uncle of the Ruler, is conducted on a tour of the motor torpedo boat *Gay Fencer* by Commander A. Diggens. On the left is Al Sayyid Ezzat Jaafer. The Sheikh's tour of Portsmouth formed part of his programme during a ten-day formal visit to Britain—his third visit to this country. While in London he attended a reception given by Mr. C. A. P. Southwell, managing director of the Kuwait Oil Co. A special six-page section dealing with the growth of Kuwait appears on pages 406 to 411.

The Tyranny of Bureaucracy.—We are always shocked (and usually surprised) when some instance of the "one-sided justice" which exists in the relations between the bureaucracy and the citizen comes to light. That justice *is* "one-sided," and on the side of bureaucracy, may be excused on the ground that the public is inclined to resist bureaucracy and has patented many guerilla devices to do so. Take the new rating valuations. A vast majority of us resent and dispute the high increases in our valuations, whether we are shopkeepers or private householders, and are not lulled into security and compliance by discovering that this year at least, householders will find their demand notes decreased. I am one of those who like to pay my commitments punctually, since only so can I budget (if you can call it budgeting) for the year's oppressions. So I lodged my appeal and put in my new "proposal" and still await the verdict. As the weeks passed and the money earmarked for Mr. Bloodsucker threatened to be diverted to other uses, *although no reminder had been sent me*, I sent Mr. B. a cheque for 85 per cent. of the new demand, on account, and asked him to resubmit a demand for any balance which might be due from me, when my appeal had been settled. I expected a pat on the back from Mr. B., a dew-drop for a good boy. I got, on the contrary, a dusty answer. "As the total sum due is *less* than that paid last half-year the provisions of Sect. 1 (7) Rating and Valuation (Misc. Provisions) Act does not apply and *the full sum must be paid.* There is likely to be *some considerable delay in the hearing of the objection*, but in the event of a reduction of the assessment (*and the full rate having been paid*), a refund of the overpaid sum *or an allowance*

on a subsequent rate, may be made." (Most of the italics are mine.) One-sided justice indeed, and tyranny in all its ugly manifestations! Bureaucracy can delay justice—it is natural for it to do so. The citizens have no such right. They must be punctual, must pay up blindly what they claim to be unjustly asked, and hope for *some sort* of adjustment *some day*! First, the threat that if they don't pay in full and at once, they will never get justice. Next, the implication that justice, if any, may be compromised and held over to a later period. Small wonder if we are not always very warmly disposed to Mr. Bloodsucker.

Premium Bonds.—The Socialist Shadow Cabinet decided without much enthusiasm to oppose Clause 35 of the Finance Bill which authorises Premium Bonds. The Shadow Chancellor adduced four arguments for opposing the clause. The first two are academic. The third—the risk that Premium Bonds may detract from normal savings—has some validity. No doubt, savers may incline to switch to Premium Bonds from War Saving Certificates on the chance of a quicker appreciation of capital and a larger. More than that, I fancy that many a man who can afford to leave money uninvested on current account with his bankers will reduce his current account credit and put it into Premium Bonds. It is for accountants to decide if such tendencies would prove a serious weakness in the proposal. The fourth argument declares that an important section of the community has strong conscientious objections to gambling. Round about Derby Day one often feels inclined to dispute this premise, and, indeed, during the football season. There does exist quite an important section of industry devoted to satisfying the important section of the community which has *no* such objection, and I should be surprised if 50 per cent. of those who enjoy a flutter or make a weekly habit of it do not vote Socialist at General Elections. But an Opposition is charged with the duty of opposing and must find occasions for doing its job.

Critic of Cricket.—Before these lines see print, the first Test Match will be decided, and whether the result will increase our interest in the Test series and enlarge to still more heroic stature our star cricketers, is anybody's guess. For my part, despite the latest addition to the cricket section of the Order of Knights Bachelor, I have sensed a slight lessening of star-mania in cricket. Perhaps it was to reduce the fever still more that an impious critic recently revived the "flannelled fools" charge against cricket, not on the grounds that the game interferes with National Service, but solely on the ground that cricketers don't have to *run*. They merely saunter. In his view there is justification for making gods of footballers, athletes, hockey players and the like, because they must run. For my part I have never quarrelled with the batsman who avoids the necessity to run by hitting nothing but boundaries, and I have seen fast bowlers toiling all day long, and fieldsmen also, who could not fairly be charged with sauntering. I agree with the critic that we take games too seriously and make gods of the more skilful players to the point of absurdity and to the undoing of the stars and the games they play. But big cricket is in no sense a saunter. To judge by the casualty lists in recent seasons, it is a dangerous trade and one not to be taken up but by men of magnificent physique. Every team should "have near some surgeon on their charge," and the laws of cricket should provide for at least five substitutes, entitled to bat and field, for every important game. There is a real danger that a modern Test Match might peter out on the third day for lack of players to fill the key positions and turn into a single-wicket match between the last survivors.

The Fourth of June.—The only feature of the time-honoured programme of the Fourth of June at Eton which does not depend for success on fine weather is "Speeches," and they are over before most of the crowd begin to arrive. Thenceforward, without the co-operation of the good fairies of the sky, every event is sadly mauled and the day—so long looked forward to, so glorious when the sun shines—calls for patience, resignation and good temper of a saintly standard from young and old of both sexes and of physical powers of endurance of a high order. It is said that the drought should have chosen to break on the Fourth. Not, indeed, because golden lads and lassies have been disappointed. There are no golden lads and lasses to-day. The modern secondary schools are far more luxurious and comfortable than the old public schools and the golden lassies have a very brief season before they start flogging their typewriters from 9.30 to 5. No; the tragedy lay in the breaking of the long drought on the day of that open-air fixture which of all others is most vulnerable to bad weather. At Eton on a dripping, windy Fourth there is no escape, no refuge. There are too many people to be accommodated, too few covered bolt-holes to receive them in their dripping finery. The art schools and the boys' rooms can absorb but a handful of sodden loaves and watery fishes. But the gods relented when they went to their tea, and a good, chilly, damp time was had by all during the subsequent events of the day. THE OLD STAGER

ETON'S NEW SWIMMING-POOL FORMS PART OF A WAR MEMORIAL

THE NEW SWIMMING-POOL AT ETON WHICH WAS INSPECTED BY VISITORS DURING THE FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS: Situated on Mesopotamia it has been built as part of Eton's war memorial to Old Boys who were killed during the second world war. It also replaces the old baths on the river at Cuckoo Weir. The new pool has two large basins connected by a channel. One of the basins is for the use of the Upper School and the other for Lower boys.

A NEW USE FOR THE FISHERMAN'S CHURCH AT HASTINGS

A MUSEUM FOR RELICS OF HASTINGS' THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD FISHING INDUSTRY: It is housed in the Church of St. Nicholas-Rock-a-Nore, otherwise known as the Fisherman's church, on the foreshore at the Sussex resort. Although it was never consecrated, the church has been used by fishermen of the town as a place of worship for several generations. Since the war, during which time the building was unused, it has been a store. The reopening of the church building was organised by the Hastings Old Town Preservation Society.

On left—
THE MAIN EXHIBIT IN THE MUSEUM: The sailing lugger *Enterprise*, the last of this type of vessel built nearly sixty years ago at Hastings, will be used in connection with services in the church. In this picture the lugger is being prepared by Mr. Thomas Willis, a Hastings fisherman, who is one of the organisers of the Exhibition. During the summer it is intended to hold an evening service in the church every Sunday and the preacher will use the deck of the lugger as a pulpit. In order to move the lugger into the building one of the side-walls was removed and rebuilt after the operation.

ARRIVAL AT THE QUAYSIDE: Queen Elizabeth is greeted by Kin[g] Gustav as she alights from the barge *Vasaorden* on the landing stage at Stockholm. Behind her is the Duke of Edinburgh and be[hi]nd King Gustav is Queen Louise of Sweden. The barge, manned [by] white-bloused Swedish sailors pulling on blue oars, had rowed [sl]owly up the harbour to bring the British couple ashore from the Ro[ya]l Yacht *Britannia* in which they had arrived for their State visit t[o] Sweden.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO STOCKHOLM

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with King Gustav and his Family

THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE SWEDISH CAPITAL: The Sovereigns of Britain and Sweden drive in an open carriage from the quayside to the Royal Palace. Queen Elizabeth smiles happily as she acknowledges the enthusiastic cheers of the great crowds which lined the streets to welcome her to Stockholm.

GREETINGS FROM A ROYAL RELATIVE: Queen Elizabeth is welcomed with a kiss by Princess Sybille, daughter-in-law of King Gustav who is standing behind the Queen. Right is Prince Wilhelm of Sweden.

FAMILY GROUP: With Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh and King Gustav on the balcony of the Royal Palace are four of King Gustav's grandchildren, from the left—Princess Désirée, Princess Christina, Princess Birgitta and Princess Margaretha. They had been listening to singing by choirs massed below.

LUNCHEON IN THE CITY HALL OF STOCKHOLM: Sitting with the Queen are, on the left, Prince Bertil of Sweden and, on the right, Hr. Carl Albert Andersen, the President of the City Council of Stockholm, who was the host at this luncheon given in honour of the Royal visitors by the municipality of the capital.

LIGHTING THE OLYMPIC FLAME: At the opening of the Olympic Equestrian Games, which the Queen attended in Stockholm, the Swedish rider Hans Wikne kindles the fire with the torch brought from Greece.

THE PROCESSION TO THE STATE BANQUET: Queen Elizabeth and King Gustav are followed by Queen Louise and the Duke of Edinburgh as they lead the procession through the Royal Palace of Stockholm to the banqueting hall. In her speech Queen Elizabeth spoke of the 300-year friendship between Britain and Sweden. She went on to pay tribute to the contributions made by Sweden to science and art, and "the important part which she has played in fostering international understanding."

WORLD-WIDE MISCELLANY

A Survey of Recent Events in England and Abroad

A POWER STATION COLLAPSES AT NIAGARA: Wreckage of two-thirds of the Schoellkopf power station, near Niagara Falls, is seen after its destruction by landslides. Three masses of rock broke away from the cliff-face and swept most of the power station down into the 220-ft.-deep gorge of the Niagara River, about half a mile below the Falls. One man was killed. Four of the forty-six men working on the site were injured. The picture shows the smouldering ruins of the building housing the electric generators lying in the river. In the background is the Rainbow Bridge. The power station had a capacity of 360,000 kilowatts. The near-by industrial city of Niagara Falls, with a population of 100,000, temporarily lost its electric power. Hundreds of tourists saw the collapse.

TRAGEDY AT NIAGARA: Part of the power station collapses into the river, carried away by tons of debris. Dust and smoke rise into the air. *Below*—Another view of the disaster shows the destroyed and the intact portions of the station. Seepage of water and earth tremors are thought to have caused the rock-face to collapse.

BRITISH MODELS IN MOSCOW: Miss Molly Frith, a British mannequin, models a dress before an attentive audience of Moscow men and women. She is one of a party of six models who flew to Russia to show British dress fashions. A special building was erected for the occasion in the Gorki Park of Culture and Rest. The Russian women were greatly impressed by the display, and remarked on the (to them) extraordinary slimness of the mannequins.

A PRESIDENT HELPS BLOW OUT THE CANDLES: President Soekarno of Indonesia is introduced to a Western custom while on his State visit to Canada. The President was fifty-five years old on June 8, and his son is seen helping him blow out the candles on his birthday cake. This was presented to him in the dining car of his train. The President spent six days in Canada, visiting Ottawa, Quebec and Montreal, and had previously paid a visit to the United States. He will be in Europe later this month, when his itinerary will include Rome, Bonn and Berlin.

THE TEST MATCH AT TRENT BRIDGE: The first Australian wicket falls as McDonald is l.b.w. to Lock for one. On left—Lock is making his appeal while Burke, the other Australian opening bat, looks on. Peter May, the England captain, is seen fielding at second slip.

THE SECOND AUSTRALIAN WICKET TO FALL: Burke is caught by Lock at leg slip off the bowling of Laker. He had made 11 before he fell to the Surrey man's leg trap. Both the spin bowlers, Lock and Laker, were able to turn the ball a great deal, though rather slowly.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE FOR ENGLAND: Richardson, called by Cowdrey for a quick single, stumbles on the pitch after being sent back. In the general mix-up both batsmen managed to regain their creases without being run out. Then Richardson went on to make 81, while Cowdrey was caught by Miller after making a score of 25.

A JUBILANT MILLER: Richardson awaits the outcome of a vociferous and successful appeal by Miller for a catch behind the wicket taken by Langley. He had hooked at a fast short ball from Miller, mistimed his stroke, and was caught at the wicket.

ANOTHER FRENCH TRIUMPH AT EPSOM: The winner of the Oaks, Sicarelle, ridden by F. Palmer, is led in after the race by her owner, Madame Volterra. The filly started favourite at 3—1 and won by three lengths from the French horse Janiari (100—8), ridden by S. Boullenger, and owned by M. M. Boussac. The third place also went to France with the Aly Khan's Yasmin. Thus entries from France at Epsom repeated their triumph of two days previously when they took first and second places in the Derby.

BRITAIN REGAINS THE CURTIS CUP: Mr. A. V. Bridgeland, C.B.E., presents the Curtis Cup to Mrs. Z. Bolton, the non-playing captain of the British team, after the dramatic last hole win at Prince's Club, Sandwich, Kent, which regained the cup for Great Britain. It was only the second time that this country has won the cup since the international golf series was started in 1932.

THE CAPTAIN'S WICKET: Langley, the Australian wicket-keeper, moves across to take a catch given by Peter May, England's captain. May had made 73 before he fell to a fine outswinger from Miller which caught the edge of his bat and was snapped up by the wicket-keeper. Coming in second wicket down he shared in a stand of over a hundred for the third wicket and gave a fine display of batting.

A CYPRUS SURVEY

As Security Forces Carried Out Successful Sweeps in the Mountains, the Familiar Pattern of Riots Continued in the Towns

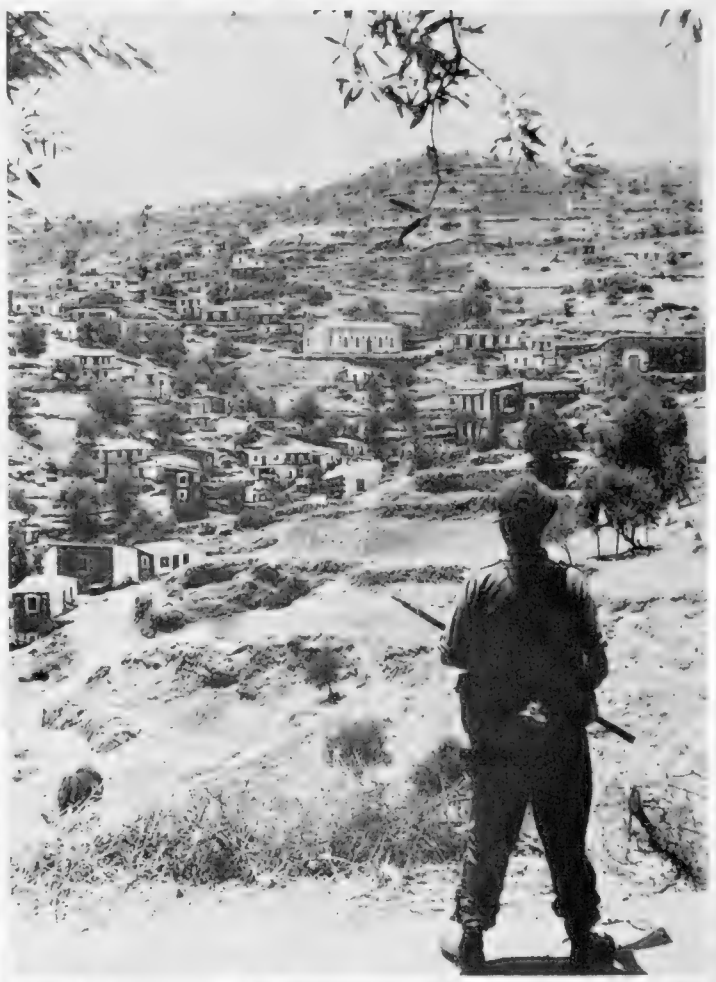
Following a three-week sweep carried out by large forces of security troops in the mountainous regions of Western Cyprus, two "hard core" terrorist gangs were smashed, another almost entirely eliminated and a fourth lost its leader. In addition, quantities of guns, ammunition and hand grenades were uncovered during the search. When the sweeps were ended over seventeen wanted men were in custody, including two who were on the £5,000 reward list. A number of terrorist hide-outs were also found and made unusable with the aid of explosives. The operation, which was carried out by composite forces including the Horse Guards, Royal Marine Commandos, the Parachute Regiment and members of two infantry battalions, marked the most successful blow to the terrorist organisation so far registered in the island.

As these forces were occupied in the mountain areas the familiar pattern of riots continued to break out in the various larger towns. In Famagusta a serious outbreak occurred, following the funeral of a Turkish constable who was thought to have been shot by Eoka assassins. Turkish elements in the town sacked a number of Greek shops.

A BLOW TO THE CYPRUS TERRORISTS: Men of the 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, inspect a selection of the large haul of guns, ammunition and grenades which they found during a three-week sweep in the mountain areas of Western Cyprus. Also included in the bag were nearly twenty "hardcore" terrorists wanted by the police for several outrages.

On left—

IN THE PAPHOS FOREST: A Padre of 16 Independent Parachute Brigade says Mass under the trees for men of "C" Coy., The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. *On right*—All is quiet in the village of Galini as a soldier stands guard on high-ground during the sweep in that area.



"DISPERSE OR WE FIRE": Men of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment form a riot squad in the main Turkish sector square in Famagusta. Swift security measures had to be taken when rioting broke out following the funeral of a Turkish constable thought to have been shot by Eoka terrorists.

RIOTING IN FAMAGUSTA: A Cypriot constable stands guard over a Greek-owned car which was wrecked by Turkish rioters outside the owner's house in Famagusta. Many Greek-owned shops were also sacked.

MARSHAL TITO IN MOSCOW: The Yugoslav President, who is on a three-week visit to the Soviet Union, is received by the Chairman of the Council of Ministers, Marshal Bulganin, for preliminary discussions between the delegations. On Marshal Tito's right hand is Mr. Kardelj, the Yugoslav Vice-President. Beside Marshal Bulganin is Mr. Shepilov, who has replaced Mr. Molotov as Foreign Minister, and, on his left, Nikolai Pegov, Secretary of the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet. After five days in Moscow the delegation left for a tour of Leningrad and other cities. They return to Belgrade on June 23.

VISITS AND VISITORS

Marshal Tito in Moscow; King Feisal in Morocco; the Syrian President in Jordan; the New Zealand Premier in Japan; the Greek King and Queen in Paris

KING FEISAL IN MOROCCO: King Feisal of Iraq (on right) and the Crown Prince Moulay Hassan of Morocco relax in the pavilion of a tennis club in Rabat. The King of Iraq was making a three-day official visit to Morocco, where he was welcomed by the Sultan, Sidi Mohammed Ben Yussef. He was offered the traditional flask of milk when his car entered the Moroccan town of Sale, following which he drove through the crowded streets with the Sultan beside him. The Moroccans are still celebrating their recent independence from French protection.

SYRIA AND JORDAN ISSUE A JOINT STATEMENT: King Hussein of Jordan and President Kuwatli of Syria sign a joint pact in Amman "to meet the dangers lurking on the borders." The agreement is to provide for co-ordination of effort by a Military Council.

NEW ZEALAND PRIME MINISTER VISITS TOKYO: Mr. Sidney G. Holland, Premier of New Zealand, is greeted by Mr. Hatoyama, the Prime Minister of Japan. Mr. Holland with his wife and the New Zealand Under-Secretary of External Affairs were guests of the Japanese Government.

GREEK STATE VISIT TO PARIS: King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika are greeted by the French President, M. René Coty, on their arrival in the French capital for a three-day State visit. Behind is their daughter, Princess Sophia.

"THEY 'RE OFF": The tapes go up for the start of this year's Derby at Epsom. On the extreme right, drawn against the rails, is Pirate King. Montaval, who came second, was drawn fourth from the rails. Lavandin, the favourite and the winner, and Roistar, who took third place, are in the bunch of horses on the left.

A FAVOURITE'S DERBY

Lavandin, from France, Wins by a Neck from Another French Horse, Montaval, at Epsom

English colts did not distinguish themselves in this year's Derby. Lavandin (7–1, favourite), the winner, and Montaval (40–1), second, both come from France, and Roistar (22–1), third, is Irish-trained. It was the first Derby win for M. Pierre Wertheimer, the owner of Lavandin, who is trained by the young trainer A. Head. The best of the English entry were Lord Astor's Hornbeam, who was fourth, and the Queen's little-fancied Atlas, who started at 50–1 and finished fifth. The finish was one of the most exciting seen for many years. Monterey led the field round Tattenham Corner and was still in front at the mile. Just under three furlongs from home Johnstone brought up Lavandin and went ahead with a tremendous burst of speed. This jockey's third Derby win seemed comfortably certain, when Palmer on Montaval came racing up outside Lavandin and was only beaten by a neck.

ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER: The field sweeps round the famous bend with Monterey in the lead. Next on the rails are Pirate King, King David II and Pearl Orama. Lavandin, ridden by W. R. Johnstone, is well-placed close behind Pearl Orama. Montaval is being brought by F. Palmer on a wide outside on the left. Roistar (J. Eddery) is the left-hand horse of the leading five. Monterey continued in front until 3 furlongs from home. Then Johnstone on Lavandin ranged up and passed him.

THE PACE BEGINS TO TELL: At the mile post Monterey is still leading, but Pirate King, centre of the three horses behind, is beginning to fade. Soon after this Johnstone began to bring up Lavandin. The winner and the second are French horses; the former is trained by A. Head and the latter by G. Bridgland.

JOHNSTONE'S THIRD DERBY: Lavandin, with Rae Johnstone up, is led in by his owner, M. Pierre Wertheimer. Johnstone has previously won the Derby on My Love in 1948 and Galcador in 1952.

A THRILLING FINISH: *Above*—Lavandin races to the winning post to give Rae Johnstone his third Derby win. But Montaval is only a neck behind. Then comes Roistar (third); Hornbeam (fourth) and the Queen's colt Atlas (fifth) are together on the near side; and Monterey (sixth) is on the rails. *Below*—Looking down the course at the finish, Lavandin is leading on the right with, to the left, Montaval, Atlas and Hornbeam. J. Eddery is raising his whip on Roistar just behind Lavandin.

THE HOME OF A GREAT NATURALIST

Gilbert White's The Wakes at Selborne Becomes a Double Memorial

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I HAVE just paid a visit to Selborne. This was not my first visit by any means. Indeed, I have known it since I was a small boy and have lived in the neighbourhood for by far the greater part of my adult life. I live now less than ten miles away, and Selborne is the parish church I attend. There was, therefore, nothing in the nature of exploration or novelty about this visit. But it was a visit with a purpose. I went once again to see The Wakes, a house that I have often visited. And I went because there has recently been a good deal of local controversy about the place, and I had been intrigued by a rather sarcastic article in one of our national newspapers.

The history of the affair is this. In May 1954 there was launched in *The Times* an appeal for funds to enable Gilbert White's old home to be bought and endowed as a perpetual memorial to the "Father of English Natural History." The appeal was a failure. It brought in only some £2,000: nothing like enough to buy the house, let alone endow it. There is, it would seem, no burning interest in the "Father of English Natural History." It was then that Mr. Robert Washington Oates, who, a year or two earlier, had formed the Oates Memorial Trust, offered in the name of that Trust to provide £30,000, if the £2,000 raised by the Gilbert White appeal was spent on restoration and decoration. This offer was accepted.

A body of trustees was set up to manage the property presented by Mr. Oates. It includes a very valuable library of some 40,000 volumes, containing many rare works on natural history, ornithology, falconry, and the chase (as well as nearly all the known 200 editions, in many languages, of Gilbert White's famous book). It also includes many relics and memorials of the Oates family, several of whom won fame as explorers, particularly in Africa, though the most famous member of the family is that "very gallant gentleman" who died heroically at the South Pole in 1912. The official name is "The Oates Memorial Library and Museum."

The house was closed for some time—"for repairs"—but it was opened again on May 15, and since then there has been a steady stream of visitors. I was shown round by the new curator, Mr. Cyril R. Northcliffe, and it must be admitted straight away that there is very much more Oates memorial than there is White memorial. For the most part the Oates memorials are on the first floor of the more modern part of the house, the part that was built after Gilbert White's death. There are three or four rooms, perhaps more, devoted to members of the family—the Captain Oates room has one of the long sledges used on Scott's last expedition—and there are also many portraits of the family. The most striking thing about these portraits is the very strong family likeness that has persisted down the years.

By contrast, the White relics are meagre in the extreme. The little room, originally a kitchen, at the back on the ground floor—the room in which White is said to have written the *Natural History*, and in which, traditionally, he is said to have died—contains two of his armchairs and his barometer (on loan from the Curtis Museum at Alton) and has, over the fireplace, what is said (doubtfully) to be his portrait. That is about all that has direct connection with White, but it is altogether a most charming period room. In the garden there is still his little brick path, his sundial, and his "melon wall," which he built in 1761.

Now, the Oates family have no actual connection with Selborne. It is, indeed, likely that not one of the men, so lovingly commemorated, ever visited the village. I suppose it is this, and the fact that their memorials altogether swamp the few that have been scraped together to commemorate Gilbert White, which have aroused some comment and prompted the occasional rather sarcastic article. Personally, I cannot understand this at all. For many years The Wakes was not open to the public: now it is. That it is open is due solely to the intervention of Mr. Robert Oates. For that we should be grateful. Nor can I understand the criticism (which I have heard) that The Wakes has now become a memorial to a Yorkshire family—I understand that the Oates family derives from Leeds—and is no memorial to Gilbert White at all. If this family of explorers is to be commemorated, as surely they should be, then what better place than in a typically English village and in the house which has been saved by one of their name?

GILBERT WHITE'S OLD HOME AT SELBORNE: The Hampshire home of the "Father of English Natural History," lying on the edge of the Weald, has been opened to the public since last month. It houses his few remaining relics and is also a memorial to the Oates family.

THE HOUSE AFTER RESTORATION: This picture shows The Wakes after the recent completion of the restoration and decoration work which has been carried out by the Oates Memorial Trust.

Of course, the White relics have been swamped. (But it is really rather remarkable that the few there are should have survived at all.) But it is surely absolute nonsense to suggest that the place, despite its official designation, is no longer a memorial to Gilbert White.

There is a very considerable misconception prevalent about Gilbert White. He was the curate of Selborne, and he made Selborne famous by writing one of the classics of English literature around the natural history of the village in which he was born and in which he lived for more than sixty years. But that is not the whole truth. It is true that White made Selborne famous, but it was Selborne that fashioned White.

Selborne is in Hampshire, in the extreme eastern corner of the county, on the very edge of the Weald where it meets the chalk. In White's day there were four ways of approaching it—there are five now—and three of these were impassable in wet weather. It was as difficult to get out of as to get into. Once there, you stuck. And, stuck, you were in a naturalist's paradise.

The Weald was once a great tract of forest. Even to-day, if you stand on one of the high hills adjoining it, you get the impression that you are looking out over a vast forest, and it was, of course, much more thickly wooded in White's day. Around Selborne the land is very broken up into small steep hills and deep gullies, both fairly thickly wooded and with a profuse undergrowth, and there are many small streams. There is a wide variety of soils, too, and these, and the rather heavy rainfall and the mild atmosphere, have produced a wonderful richness of plant and animal life.

It is no accident that it was this countryside which gave birth to two of the world's great botanists—John Goodyer, the Elizabethan, and William Curtis, who was born at Alton and who was White's contemporary. And here is an intriguing point. Gilbert White never mentions William Curtis. Yet Alton was White's town and he must have known Curtis, for Curtis was a friend of his brother, Benjamin White, the publisher.

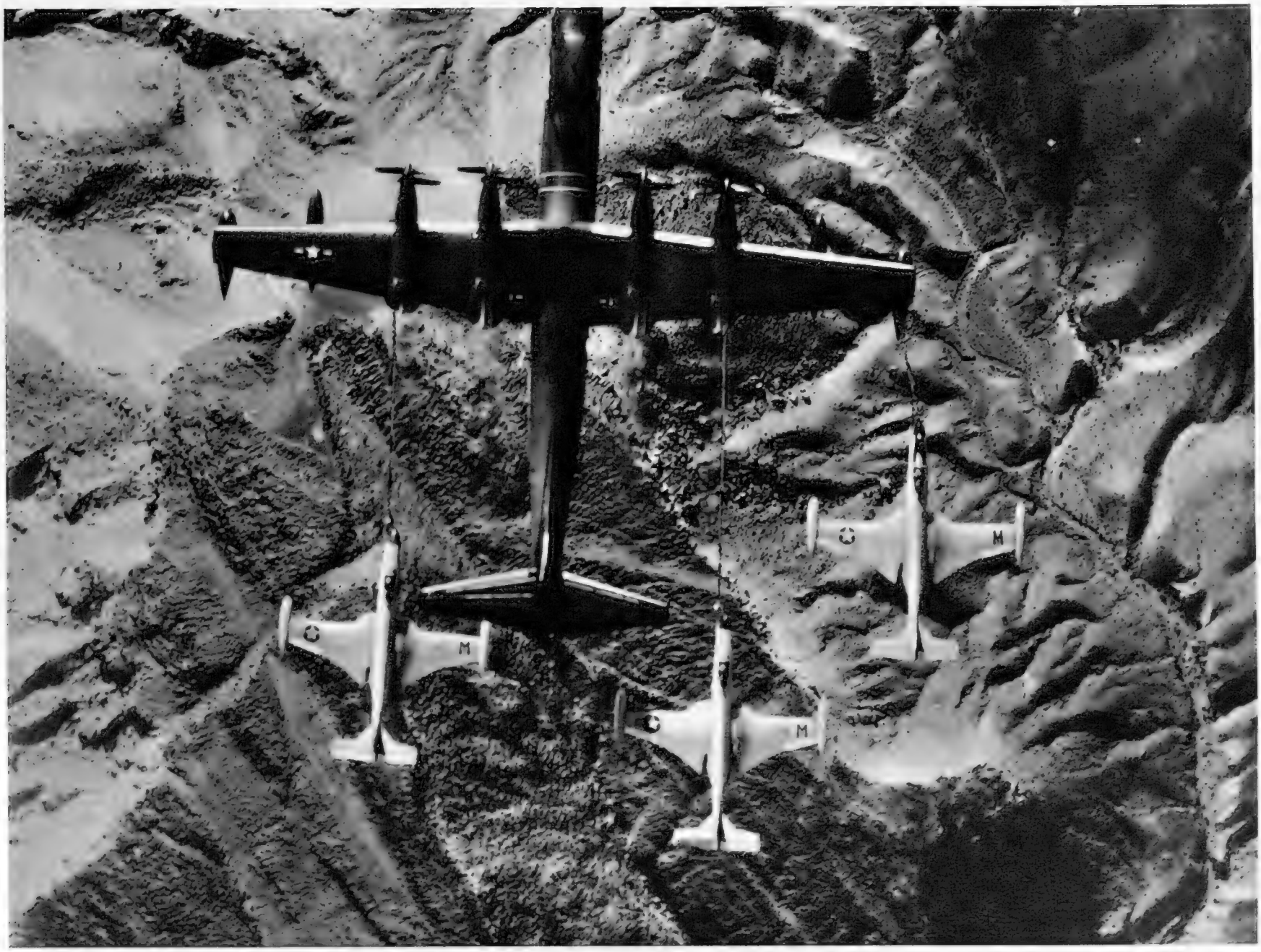
It might be thought from this that White had no interest in flowers. In fact, he had a deep interest in flowers and was a passionate gardener. His love of birds was never allowed to interfere with his gardening. He was quite ruthless with birds raiding his fruit or his flowers. He was a countryman before he was a naturalist.

By this, I do not mean to imply that he was not a naturalist. He was a very great naturalist. He made a number of very important original discoveries: for example, the harvest mouse, the noctule bat, and the lesser whitethroat. He anticipated the modern theories of bird territory and its effect on bird populations. He certainly anticipated Darwin on the economics of the earthworm. He was the first person to distinguish between the three typical leaf-warblers of the British countryside—the chiffchaff, the willow-warbler and the wood-warbler—a feat of the first magnitude. He was particularly good on small birds (because he lived in a country especially favourable for small birds), but no man who was not quite exceptionally observant could have achieved that feat. White had a vast capacity for noticing small things, a genius for trivialities. Nothing was too small or too trivial. He was, too, methodical and gifted with unlimited perseverance. Perhaps these are the essential qualities for a naturalist.

Gilbert White has been described, by one of his editors, as "the greatest amateur naturalist that Britain has known." I would stress that word "amateur." Had he been a professional, he would now be no more than a name—if that. There have been many professional naturalists and most of them have written books. There is a memorial to one of them in Selborne Church—to Thomas Bell, who was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and who came to live at The Wakes in 1844. Who now remembers Bell? Who reads the books he wrote? Everyone knows Charles Darwin by name. How many people read him? For pleasure, I mean. It is the amateurs—Richard Jefferies, W. H. Hudson, Henri Fabre—who live and are read now, and will be read in the future. And they live because they were writers first and foremost.

It is not the fact that Gilbert White was a great naturalist that has made him and his book immortal. There have been more than 200 editions of his book—most of them with scholarly introductions and learned annotations, all dealing with the details of the natural history, by the editors—and it is quite certain that there will be many more. But White's book lives, not because it is a work of natural history, but because it is a work of genius. *The Natural History of Selborne* was not translated into Japanese because the Japanese are passionately interested in the small birds of Hampshire, but because it is an example of perfect English prose.

Gilbert White was not only a great naturalist: he was a master of English prose. His memorial as a naturalist is Selborne itself, the church and the churchyard, his garden, the Hanger, and the songs of small birds. His memorial as a writer is his book. If one wants more, then what could be more fitting than that his house should hold a great library of natural history works, and that lovers of natural history should be able to sit in his garden and look at the view he loved?



AMERICAN NAVAL AIR POWER SHOWS ITS PACES: This United States Navy Convair R3Y Tradewind tanker aircraft is seen refuelling three fighter planes simultaneously in mid-air. The jet aircraft are McDonnell F2H Banshees of the U.S. Navy. They are fitted with wingtip tanks for long flights, which give them a range of 2,250 miles for ferrying purposes. Refuelling in the air extends this range considerably. The Convair Tradewind is a long-range transport flying-boat. Apart from acting as a tanker, it can carry four heavy howitzers or six Jeeps, or ninety-two stretcher cases with medical attendants.

WINGS OF THE U.S. NAVY

Jet Fighters Refuel in the Air; U.S.S. "Saratoga" Leaves New York for her Trials

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST WARSHIP: The United States aircraft-carrier *Saratoga* steams past the New York skyline as she heads out to sea for her first trials. Her mast is folded to allow her passage under Brooklyn Bridge. A second trial is scheduled for later this month, and she will go for a "shake-down" cruise in August. *Saratoga* is the largest warship afloat. She displaces 60,000 tons and is over 1,000 ft. long. She took nearly three and a half years to build, and cost over £70,000,000

BRYMPTON D'EVERCY, SOMERSET: Built of Ham stone, Brympton House dates mainly from the late sixteenth century, but the South Front was added between 1670 and 1680 and has been attributed to Inigo Jones. It stands at the centre of the 947-acre estate and looks full south over an ornamental lake and wide, undulating timbered parklands. The property, which is now being offered for sale, has a long history of continuous occupation, from the time of the D'Evercy family down to the present day.

THE SOUTH FRONT OF BRYMPTON HOUSE: The South Front was built late in the seventeenth century, probably from designs made by Inigo Jones. The façade remains, however, a very noted example of his style. Most of the other wings of the building are Tudor in origin.

The exact date when the D'Evercy family came into possession of the Brympton estate in Somerset is not known, but it seems probable that it was soon after the Conquest. The property passed later by way of the Stourtons to the Sydenham family when in 1433 Joan Stourton married John Sydenham, then the owner of several manors in Somerset and Devon. The second John Sydenham was probably responsible for building the main parts of the present house early in the sixteenth century, and it was a later member of the family who had the South Front built late in the following century. About 1731 the estate was bought by Francis Fane, an ancestor of the present owner.

HISTORY IN STONE

Berkeley Castle and Some Notable Houses and Estates in England

THE HOUSE IN WHICH GAINSBOROUGH WAS BORN: The birthplace of the celebrated artist looks out on to the street named after him in Sudbury, Suffolk. It has been refronted since the painter's day, but a plaque still remains to recall his birth there in 1727. The house is now being used as a residential hotel and is being offered for sale by the present owner. *Below*—The rear of the old buildings gives on to a pleasant garden of shrubs and trees.

IVER GROVE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: The Ministry of Works has purchased Iver Grove, an eighteenth-century house at Iver, in Buckinghamshire, out of money provided from the National Land Fund for the acquisition of historic houses. The price is thought to be just under £3,000, but the building and general fabric is in a very poor state of repair and about £16,000 will need to be spent on restoration. The house was built about 1720 for Lady Mohun, and the design is by either Vanbrugh or Nicholas Hawksmoor.

On left—

BERKELEY CASTLE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE — THE LONG DRAWING-ROOM: At the end of the room is the King's pew, once in the Chapel. The castle is open to the public this year for the first time.

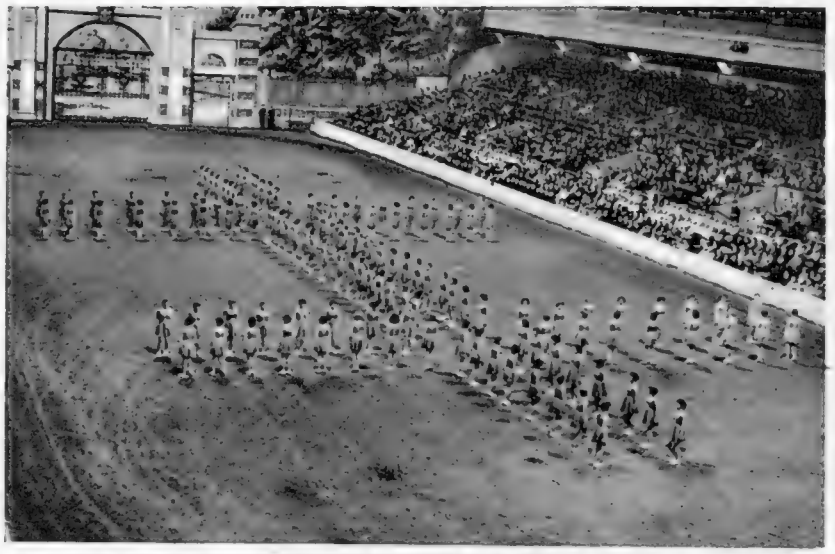
Berkeley Castle was built primarily to resist attack by marauding armies. It was intended to be a garrisoned strong-point in an important strategic position. Its structure and planning are therefore entirely different from those one would expect to find in a palatial country mansion, particularly as no great alterations have been made to the fabric since the reign of Edward III. Over a period of five centuries the castle provided security for the Berkeley family in times of danger, and for the past 300 years it has been regarded as their principal residence. Once the rigours of war could be dispensed with, and a garrison was no longer necessary, it was possible to render the castle more habitable as a country home. Even to-day, however, the small rooms, narrow passages and doorways, capable of being held by a few men-at-arms with sword and pike in a fierce delaying action, are reminders of more warlike times. There are, nevertheless, the magnificent Baronial Hall and the drawing-rooms inside the great curtain wall of the castle. Inside the Keep doorway is the King's Gallery, containing portraits of many kings and queens of England, in the main of the Stuart dynasty. Through a grille let into the wall there is a view into the small guardroom where Edward II is said to have been murdered in 1327.

KING EDWARD'S ROOM: From the King's Gallery one can see through a grille in the wall the small outside guardroom. It is this room that is said to have been the scene of the brutal murder of King Edward II by bribed assassins in 1327.

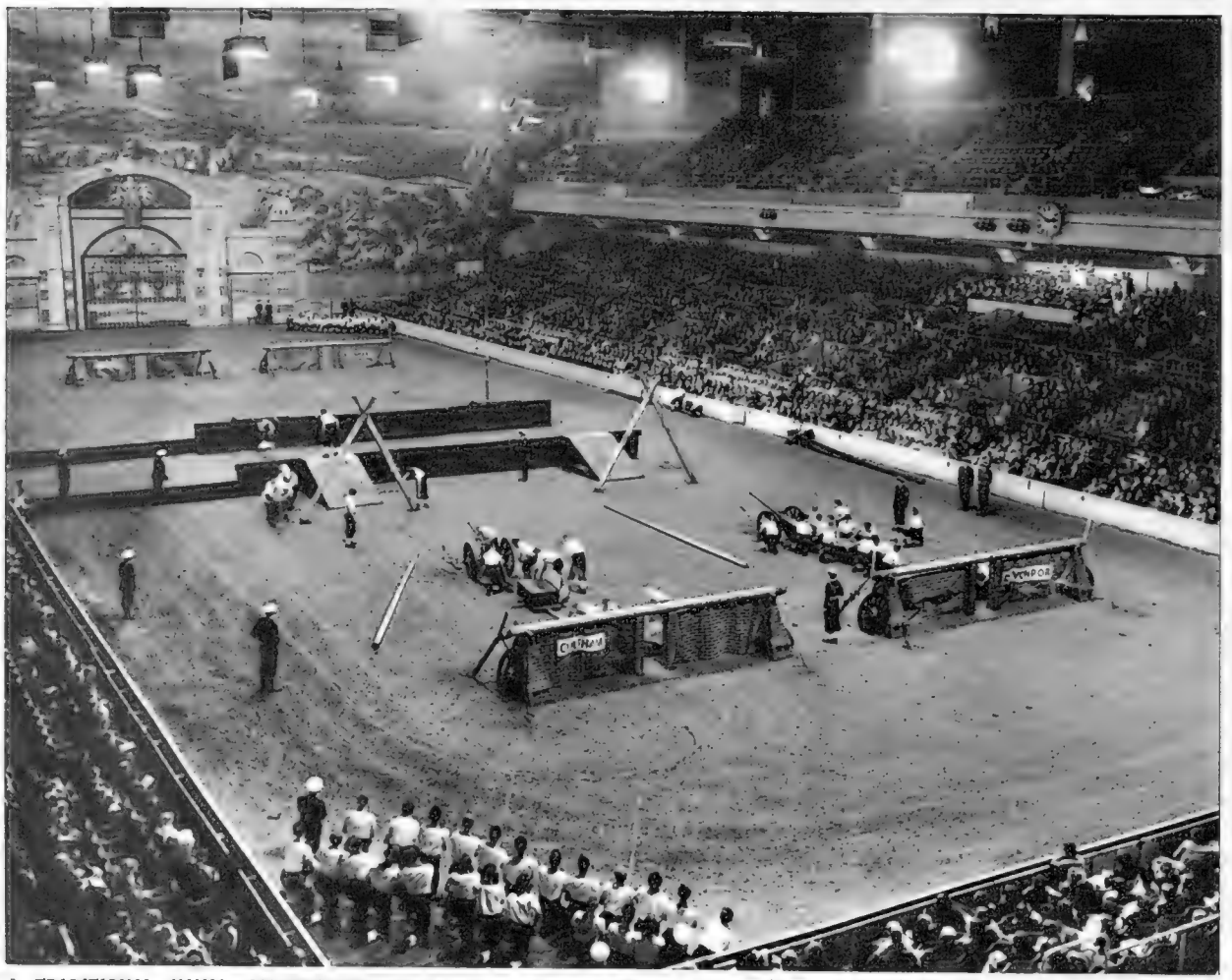
THE INNER COURTYARD: The main entrance gateway gives on to this small courtyard. On the right is the solid mass of the Keep. No real alterations have been made since 1340.

THE GREAT HALL: This fine fourteenth-century hall is built within the twelfth-century curtain wall of the castle. It has a height of 32½ ft., is 62 ft. long and 32 ft. wide. Built in the reign of Edward III by Thomas, 3rd Lord Berkeley, the walls are hung with Oudenarde tapestries showing the "Coronation of Queen Esther."

ROYAL AIR FORCE POLICE DOGS: They stand with their handlers in the arena at Earls Court during their display at this year's Royal Tournament. The demonstration shows the understanding between the dogs and the men and leaves no doubt that the Alsatians, trained in controlled aggressiveness, can be highly effective military weapons. The R.A.F. dogs are proving their value in Kenya and Cyprus.



On right—
DRILL BY THE COMBINED WOMEN'S SERVICES: Members of the W.R.N.S., the W.R.A.C. and the W.R.A.F. wear pale-blue Grecian-style tunics for their display. Instead of formal drill they execute a series of dance movements which are performed in various patterns and rhythms. The aim is to produce natural grace and poise.



A TRADITIONAL NAVAL COMPETITION: Field-gun teams from Chatham and Devonport compete for the annual cups in handling field guns over and through obstacles. At alternate performances the competitors come from Portsmouth and the Fleet Air Arm. Although speed is essential, penalties are deducted for incorrect drill and other mistakes.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

Thrills and Drills Combine in this Year's Display by the Services in London

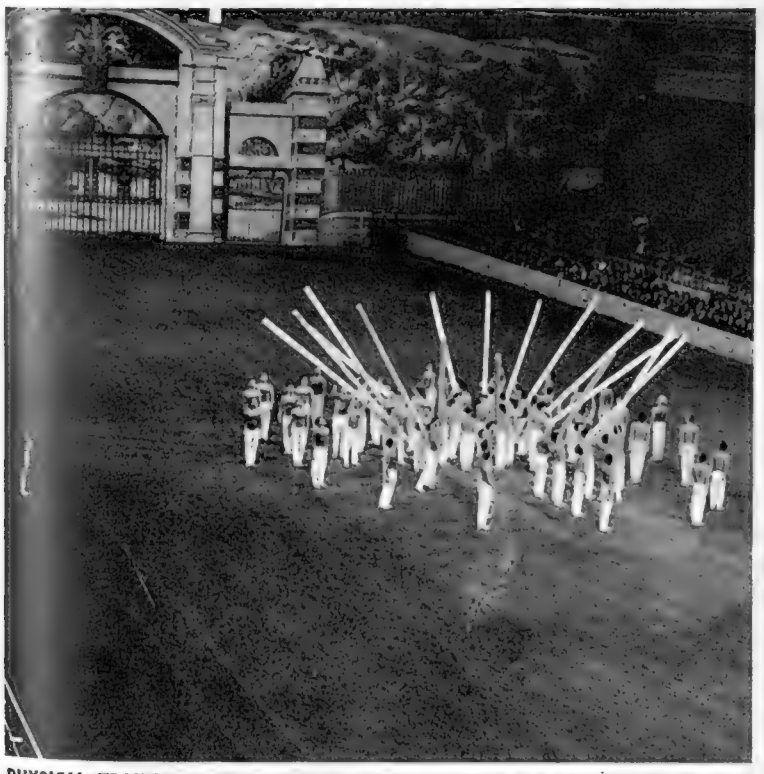
The Royal Tournament is one of the finest of the many annual shows in London's calendar. For a long time it has had the reputation of combining the traditional with the original, and this year is no exception.

At Earls Court the items include drill by the Royal Marines, the Royal Corps of Signals motor-cyclists and a physical training display by men of the Royal Air Force. Royal Naval teams compete in the Field Gun Competition, and the King's Troop, the Royal Horse Artillery, perform their musical drive. No Royal Tournament would be complete without these two events.

But the most dramatic and spectacular item is entirely new in its conception. This is the Royal Navy's "A Convoy Night Action." In seven scenes the spectators join in the thrills of a convoy escorted by Royal Naval vessels and R.A.F. aircraft being attacked by a submarine and counter-attacking.

Two Commonwealth countries are represented in the programme, Malaya and Canada. The band of the Federation of Malaya Police is making its first visit to Britain. Its members include Pakistanis and Sikhs as well as Malays. From Canada comes the Fort Henry Guard of Kingston. Its demonstration of battle tactics of 1867 in the period uniforms is a reminder of how tradition survives throughout the Commonwealth.

THE FORT HENRY GUARD OF KINGSTON, ONTARIO: Dressed in their mid-nineteenth-century uniforms, its members demonstrate battle tactics of ninety years ago. This unique unit of Her Majesty's forces is composed of Canadian university students who are employed at Fort Henry in the summer months. The Fort was built during the war of 1812-1814 between Canada and the United States as a bulwark against American attack, and for many years it was garrisoned by famous British and Canadian units. Now its guard is maintained only to commemorate the past. In effect it is a part of Queen Victoria's army, operating according to the Queen's Regulations and manuals of 1867.



PHYSICAL TRAINING WITH LOGS: The team from the R.A.F. School of Physical Training is made up of physical training instructors and selected airmen. Each log is 14½ ft. long, 6 ins. in diameter and weighs about 80 lb.

A THRILLING ITEM: The model ships spotlit in the arena form a convoy and its naval escort in the Royal Navy's spectacular "A Convoy Night Action." In a series of scenes the audience is able to share in the action of all concerned in an attack by U-boat and the counter-attack.

THE CAPITAL OF A FABULOUSLY WEALTHY AND EXTREMELY PROGRESSIVE ARABIAN OIL STATE: This aerial view shows a section of the buildings and streets of Kuwait Town with the harbour beyond them. The small Sheikhdom of Kuwait lies at the head of the Persian Gulf between Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Since the war the development of the country's vast oil resources have brought it fabulous wealth. The Sheikh is employing his income from oil for a great programme of social welfare and improvement.

THE OLD HARBOUR OF KUWAIT: The shipping lying behind the breakwater is a reminder that the Kuwaitis had a fine reputation as seamen over 200 years ago. The original inhabitants were fishermen and pearlers. After a long quarrel with Saudi Arabia, Kuwait is now assured of its independence by British protection.

KUWAIT

Wealth from Oil is Working a Transformation in the Small State on the Persian Gulf

By JOHN MIDGLEY

SUDDEN and fabulous wealth has brought bewildering problems to Kuwait. It is doubtful whether any community has had to make the transition from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century at such speed. The Kuwaitis are people of character, descendants of a tribe from the Arabian desert who moved to the head of the Persian Gulf in the eighteenth century, built themselves a town, and established themselves as fishermen, pearlers, and the leading seamen and traders of those parts. It was the missionary and diplomatist Palgrave who wrote of them in the last century: "Among all the seamen who ply the Persian Gulf, the mariners of Kuwait hold the first rank in daring, in skill, and in solid trustworthiness of character."

Yet the Kuwaitis have been through hard times in the last fifty years, especially after a quarrel with the Saudi Arabs which exposed them, unjustly, to a prolonged and savage blockade, for they were good friends to Ibn Saud, and had sheltered him as a young man in misfortune. Their traditional trade with the Arabian interior was cut off, and about the same time the pearl trade fell into decline.

British protection secured their independence, as it does still, but the stagnation lasted many years. It was ended by the discovery of oil, which in a few years has multiplied the State revenue more than a thousandfold. Some of this money is being invested in London and New York, but great sums are being poured into the development of Kuwait. The sleepy Arabian town is undergoing a transformation, on its way perhaps to becoming a great city.

The hour struck for Kuwait in 1938, when drillers found oil at Burgan, some 27 miles southward across the desert from Kuwait town. Beneath this empty stretch of waterless

HOMES FOR THE WORKERS IN THE OILFIELDS: The housing estate at Ahmadi, with its football field and many other recreational facilities, has sprung up in the desert near the coast on a ridge above the oilfields. The new town has been constructed by the Kuwait Oil Company, the Anglo-American concern which has equal shares in an exclusive oil concession from the ruler of Kuwait. Ahmadi is named after the late Sheikh, Ahmad, under whom the exploitation of the oil resources was begun.

high land, where it had never been worth man's while to settle, lie between a sixth and a fifth of the world's known oil reserves. Its exploitation had to wait till after the war, but, once begun, it expanded at a stupendous rate. Burgan is an unusually easy oilfield to produce, not too deep, and lying within easy reach of the sea. It was cut out by nature to meet the rapid growth of demand for oil in Europe and America after the war, and it was the obvious stop-gap when Dr. Mossadek cut off the supplies from Persia. Kuwait is now the third oil-producing country of the world and, after Venezuela, the biggest exporter.

The Kuwait Oil Company, British and American owned in equal shares, runs the oilfield from its own new town in the desert. This is called Ahmadi, after the late Sheikh Ahmad, who was Ruler of Kuwait when its building began. Ahmadi stands on the slopes of a ridge between the oilfield and the port, its position dominated by a group of vast oil storage tanks. It is an oil town and could be nothing else. Looked at in cold blood its surroundings are, I suppose, a dreary scene, all sand and stones and metal. But the land falls away in a great sweep to the shore and I must confess that to me the view looking down to the jetty and out to where the great tankers in an endless stream come up the Persian Gulf to load, is, in its singular way, a fine sight.

The pier runs three-quarters of a mile to the loading jetty out in the deep water, where eight ships can tie up; six more ships can be served at mooring berths offshore, through lines laid on the sea bed. This is the biggest oil terminal in the world, and last year it loaded 2,700 tankers. It is being developed as a bunkering station as well, and work has been started to expand the small refinery into a big refining centre of nearly 9,000,000 tons a year capacity, designed mainly to supply diesel and fuel oils for the huge volume of shipping that now calls there.

THE BIGGEST OIL TERMINAL IN THE WORLD: Ships lie in deep water at the loading jetty of Mena al Ahmadi. Eight ships can tie up here and six more can be served at mooring berths offshore. The pier runs three-quarters of a mile from the shore to the jetty. This is believed to be the biggest oil terminal in the world. Last year it loaded 2,700 tankers.

To the left of the pier is the company's power station, fired by natural gas from the wells and supplying the port, the town, and the oilfields with abundant power. Nearby, close to the shore, is the company's fresh-water plant, which takes the heavily salt Persian Gulf water and evaporates it, using spent steam from the power station for heat. Heavy brine flows back into the sea, and ample distilled water is pumped to the oil town.

For a time the water plant delivered its surplus to Kuwait town through a pipeline. Power station and water plant alike, were the biggest things of the kind in the region. But both have been far surpassed in the few years since then by more modern plants built by Kuwait for its own inhabitants.

Ahmadi is a mixed Western and Eastern town. There live the Western staff of the company, some 800 British and American technicians, administrators, and specialists in the different services which such a town requires, together with about 400 wives and 500 children. The oil industry is rich, and oil company standards of housing, furnishing, domestic equipment and amenities are high.

As often happens in the oil business, the company has to provide everything that a community needs—utilities, shops, clubs, laundry, cooling plant, swimming-pool,

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5,800 SQUARE MILES OF DESERT WHICH HOLD VAST WEALTH: The map shows the small territory of Kuwait, between Saudi Arabia and Iraq at the head of the Persian Gulf. Its population is estimated at no more than about 200,000. But oil was discovered here in 1938 at Burgan. This has led in the last ten years to the development of Ahmadi, Mena al Ahmadi and Magwe under the Kuwait Oil Company and tremendous benefits for Kuwait Town and the whole country.

THE SEA-WATER DISTILLATION PLANT AT KUWAIT: The part already operating, which is seen here, supplies 1,000,000 gallons a day. When plans for the whole plant are completed it will be the largest of its kind in the world.

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cinema. As permanent buildings replace the first temporary structures, Ahmadi is growing into a neat little town, tolerably laid out and well equipped. It is even beginning to show, here and there, a patch of green—a few young trees, patiently watered and stubbornly protected from goats, or even a small garden; the harbour-master has one, of which he is justly proud.

Nevertheless, it is a lonely life and in many ways confined. The surrounding spaces, though they are vast, are empty. The effect is that of life on an island, and the oilman's occasional drive by car to Kuwait town for a change of scene has much of the feeling of a short sea crossing, except perhaps for a few weeks in spring, when even the desert sends out shoots of green and faintly changes its aspect.

Along with the British and American staff the company employs some 6,000 workers who are hired locally, though many of them are not local men. When there is well-paid work to be had, the word travels far in the Middle East. The oil company's labour force includes many Pakistanis and Indians—not a few of these worked formerly at Abadan—together with Persians, Bahrainis, Omanis and others from the territories down the Gulf. Others are Bedouin Arabs from the nomad tribes of the desert, who have brought themselves, perhaps permanently, perhaps for a year or two, to adopt a settled habit of life for regular pay.

The company houses about 4,000 workers apart from the Western staff, and has built at Ahmadi an Arab village with a mosque and a shopping centre. Others live in the villages along the coast, which may grow into busy little seaside towns.

Some of those working at Ahmadi live in Kuwait town itself, but most of the residents prefer to work there too. Money flows freely into the capital, employment is easy to find, and the way of life is more in keeping with the traditional Kuwaiti view of existence than in the oil company's industrial island. One of the company's long-term tasks is to build up a permanent labour force with local roots, settled habits, and the skills of industrial craftsmanship. Success in this will affect the social structure and the economic prospects of Kuwait as a whole.

The company maintains a craft training system in the oilfield and a model industrial school for 200 trainees at Magwa, between the oilfield and Kuwait town. You may see at Burgan a drilling team of desert Arabs in charge of a Texan or Californian toolpusher, performing their heavy work with skill and stamina after a few months' good food and good training.

Kuwait's revenue from oil—not the indirect benefits, but the royalties and tax paid directly to the Ruler under the oil agreement—rose from not much more than £200,000 ten years ago to nearly £78,000,000 in 1954. Oil production went up sharply last year to 55,000,000 tons, and on this basis the Ruler must have received well over £90,000,000.

RULER OF KUWAIT: Sheikh Abdulla Salim al Sabah, K.C.M.G., is the State's ruler.

FRESH WATER FROM THE PERSIAN GULF: The distillation plant of the Kuwait Oil Company at Mena al Ahmadi provides fresh water for the oil workers. It produces 600,000 gallons a day for the people of the oil town and will soon supply more.

THE SPACIOUS AVENUES FOR THE RESIDENTS OF AHMADI: Trees supply shade for the thoroughfares which intersect the homes built for the oil workers of the Kuwait Company. Standards of building, furnishing and domestic equipment are high and all the necessary facilities for the community are provided, such as shops and clubs.

No law or tradition in the Arab sheikhdoms limits the ruler's privy purse or keeps his personal income separate from the State revenue. It is due to the personal characters of two wise men—the present ruler, Sheikh Sir Abdulla Salim al Sabah, and his predecessor, Sheikh Ahmad—that a serious attempt is being made to use the fabulous oil revenues of Kuwait for the general good of its people. They could, had they chosen, have behaved differently, as have some other Arab princes, notably the ruling family of the neighbouring kingdom, Saudi Arabia.

Electricity and water were the first benefits which oil brought to Kuwait. Anyone who knew the place five or ten years ago, and was asked then what Kuwait needed most, would have replied unhesitatingly, "Water." While it is not true that Kuwait is a totally waterless place, it is true that the wells had long been insufficient to supply the town's bare needs of water, even on a primitive standard. The town used to help itself out by sending dhows to load river water in the Shatt-el-Arab. Their cargo was peddled in the town from skins by the water-sellers. Clear evidence that this has changed is to be seen now in the tall water-towers which have been built in each quarter of the town; from these, pipes carry fresh water to the houses, while another circuit delivers brackish water for sanitation.

The fresh water comes from the distillation plant which is by far the largest ever built, but is now in course

THE OIL REFINERY AT MENA AL AHMADI WHICH IS TO BE EXTENDED: The pipeway running to the foreground will eventually bring oil to a greatly extended refinery here. Annual production will be in the region of 9,000,000 tons a year, designed mainly to supply diesel and fuel oils for the many ships calling at Kuwait.

MAINTAINING PUBLIC SECURITY: A member of the State Police keeps watch by the Public Security Department in Ahmadi, the local headquarters of the force controlled by the Sheikh.

ON AN ISLAND IN THE DESERT: *Above* and *on the left* are examples of housing in Ahmadi. Over the gateway to the house in the picture *above* fly the British and Kuwaiti flags. With the vast surrounding expanses of sand, the people who live here seem to be inhabitants of an island in an ocean of desert.

of being doubled, and will soon be multiplied many times. This amazing plant works in conjunction with the great new power station, using the waste heat from the power station to evaporate the sea water. These are only two of the costly new enterprises concentrated at Shuwaikh, the new suburb which is spreading rapidly along the coast west of the town. The secondary school, the technical college and the splendid new tuberculosis hospital have been built there, together with a housing colony for the Kuwait Government's foreign, technical and administrative staff. Other hospitals, and many schools, have been built in Kuwait itself. The town is being replanned, with wide streets and new markets, and the harbour is being improved. Thus by rapid stages Kuwait is turning itself into a modern city.

The Kuwaitis are conservative in their ideas of conduct and their view of what is right, but they are not attached to old things. They prefer Buicks to camels and motor-ships to wooden dhows, and they tear down their old buildings with the greatest abandon, to replace them with brick or concrete structures, which are often very much uglier and not invariably more practical. Now that they can afford air-conditioning it has begun to seem pointless to build houses on the old Arab ground plan, designed for coolness and shade. The traditional Arab house, with its wide-arched verandas, could be a thing of beauty; now it is going out of fashion.

In the new town a proposal appears to lay out a garden in the central square, the *Safat*, which, not so long ago, was an expanse of dust crossed by camels and donkeys. To-day it is a centre of busy offices and shops. Water has made it possible to make gardens, and prominent citizens now have private gardens of their own. But prosperity has brought a traffic problem, and the crush of motor-cars is so great that the site of the projected public garden will probably remain a car park for ever. Even so, the *Safat* and the shopping and trading streets around it are still a fascinating and exotic sight, and the mixture of nationalities to be seen there is more bizarre than ever before.

Kuwait's wealth attracts great numbers of foreigners, Arabs and others, looking for work or simply for opportunities to make money. Indeed, there are those who come simply to be cared for in the fine new hospitals. The replanning and rebuilding of the town cannot keep pace

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NEW-STYLE ARCHITECTURE BY THE PERSIAN GULF *Left* is the main entrance to the town office of the Kuwait Oil Company in Kuwait. *Right*—A woman stands by the doorway of a new house on a housing estate. Brick and concrete structures are now replacing the traditional Arab-style buildings. The old bazaar has given way to a concrete colonnade.

On left—
MODERN BUSINESS METHODS HAVE REPLACED THE OLD BAZAAR: A Kuwaiti merchant sits in his office furnished in up-to-date style. Even the telephone is on an automatic exchange system. The whole way of life for the people has been changed by the discovery of oil.

On right—
DRILLING FOR OIL: Workers operate a drill in a search for further supplies of the national wealth. The Kuwait Oil Company's labour force includes Pakistanis, Indians, Persians, Bahrainis, Omanis and Bedouins. The last-named will sometimes settle down permanently for a life which brings in regular pay and rewards.

THE NURSES' HOSTEL ON THE WATERFRONT IN KUWAIT TOWN: An excellent medical service is one of the benefits which the people of the country are obtaining from their wealth from oil. The progressive policy is inspired by the present ruler, Sheikh Abdulla.

THE TRADITIONAL MARKET SURVIVES: Buyers and sellers bargain in the market in Kuwait Town. Prices are high in this community which is getting rich quickly. Even nomad families are feeling the lure of money and settling down to engage in regular business.

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with the growth of its population, from 100,000 ten years ago, to perhaps 300,000—nobody knows exactly—to-day.

Many of these newcomers have different ideas and different habits from the Kuwaitis, who are finding that the change in their world does not stop at new roads, fine public services, modern houses, refrigerators and motor-cars; it affects the whole way of life of the town and its people. Women in Kuwait still go veiled and live in purdah; but until the last few years a woman of good family rarely set foot outside the inner courtyard of the house, sending her servants to the bazaar to shop.

Now the chances are that her husband, having turned into a thriving business man, can provide her with a car for her own use. So she drives to the shops herself, makes social calls on her women friends, and goes on excursions into the country. Under her black gown and veil she wears a smart European dress, nylons, a Swiss watch, and jewellery and make-up from Paris, London, or New York.

Well-to-do Kuwaitis are beginning to go abroad for their holidays—to the Lebanon, or Egypt, or even to Europe—and to take their wives, who, once out of Kuwait, drop the veil and go about much as Western women. Their sons and even their daughters go to a modern school and learn to read, to think, and to criticize. All these things are new, as yet, but it cannot be long before they begin to make their impact. The ideas, habits, family life and social relationships of a patriarchal society will not survive these innovations unchanged.

Old Kuwait is not dead yet, but even the Bedouin tribes which have always lived by pasturage in the surrounding desert have had cause to see that it is changing. The land itself is being marked out in development lots and acquiring high values. They can still come and go freely across the open frontiers with Iraq and Saudi Arabia, following the grazing for their camels and sheep. Even a nomad family uses money. They used to need very little; now, when they come into the Kuwait bazaars to shop, they find prices high and a community getting rich quickly.

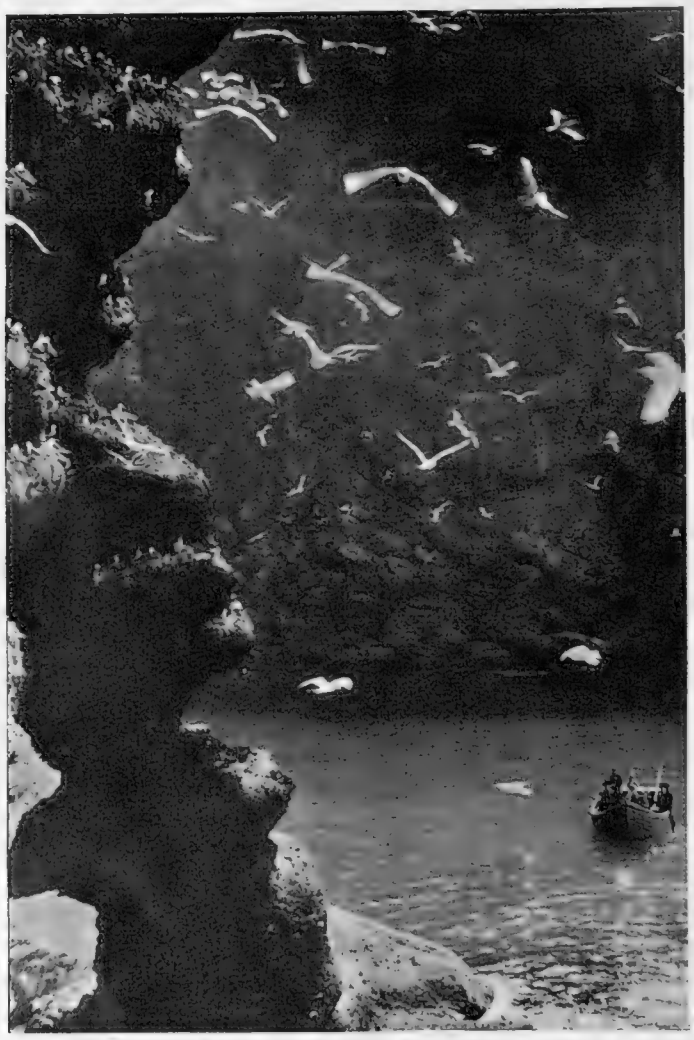
The pull of money causes them to send, perhaps, one or two sons to work for wages. Sometimes a family buys a truck and starts a one-man transport service; there is a settlement of these people with their garages just outside the town wall, in what is by now a built-up quarter. Their life is changing, just as is that of the sheikhs, who drop their aristocratic notions and go into business as contractors or importers. One member of the ruling family has established himself as proprietor of a small commercial airline serving the Persian Gulf towns. This may be the latest but certainly not the last metamorphosis of the enterprising mariners of Kuwait.

EDUCATION IS BREEDING A GENERATION WITH A NEW OUTLOOK: This is the imposing entrance to the secondary school at Shuwaikh, the new suburb which is rapidly spreading along the coast west of Kuwait Town. *On right*—Students examine a machine in the Technical Training School of the Kuwait Oil Company for some 200 pupils at Magwe.

SHIPS GATHER TO LOAD THE OIL WHICH BRINGS WEALTH TO KUWAIT: The vessels are lined up on both sides of the jetty at Mena al Ahmadi. Kuwait is the third oil-producing country of the world and, after Venezuela, the biggest oil exporter. Royalties and tax accruing to the Sheikh under the oil agreement are estimated currently at about £90,000,000 a year. The result of the development of the country from this wealth is bringing a revolution from the ideas of the traditional patriarchal society.

SALMON FISHING IN BANFFSHIRE

A Bad Start to the Season for the Fishermen of Moray Firth



FISHING FOR SALMON ON THE MORAY FIRTH: A coble drifts in beneath rocky ledges alive with kittiwakes. The boat is being used to inspect nets set the night before. In foggy weather, the cries of the birds warn the fishermen of the proximity of the rocks.

A FORBIDDING COAST: The wild, precipitous cliffs of Banffshire line the coast where the fishermen of Moray Firth make a hard living. The picture shows Callykhan Bay, Pennanhead and Rosehearty. It is illegal to fish for salmon over the week-end, so nets must be lifted on Saturdays.

On left—
THE WORK NEVER ENDS: When a fisherman is not fishing, he still has work to do. These men are repairing a broken net in one of their spells on shore. While one net is in use, another always needs mending.

A POOR CATCH: The fisherman in the centre looks disappointed as he examines the haul. Most of the fish in the net are paddle-cocks (lumpfish), and there is only one salmon among them; on the top. 1956 has been a poor season so far.

A CASUALTY OF THE WINTER: In the wreck of this Belgian fishing-boat three men lost their lives. Fishing on this dangerous coast is always hazardous, for boats must approach close to the rocky shore to catch their salmon, often in misty weather. The picture shows Gamrie Bay and Greenhead. *On right*—Dawn on a calm sea finds the fishermen pulling in their leads. This is the name for the long net attached to the shore which guides the fish into the bagnet. There may be salmon in it.

Fishing for salmon on the wild, rocky coast of Banffshire seems a grand life, especially when the sun shines and the sea is blue, with the only sounds the seabirds calling from the cliffs.

The men who net the clean-run fish of this dangerous coast know otherwise, for in this northern part of Scotland it is a coarse, hard job, with basic wages at £7 a week. They depend on good catches of fish to give them the bonus which makes this job worth while. This year they have been unlucky, for most days the nets have been empty; numbers of fish caught are down by 400 on last year's catch, and the fishermen have had to live on the basic wage.

Coastal salmon fishing lasts from February until August, and by the use of ten nets on the section of coast from Pennan to Gardenstown an average haul can be from 2,000 to 3,000 fish, averaging 7 lb. in weight and worth £3 10s. each in cash.

It looks profitable, and is profitable, or men wouldn't fish, but on the debit side there is the cost and upkeep of two boats, the wages of a crew of ten to man them, and the fact that £4,000-worth of nets are in constant use, a quarter of which can be lost in a night, though none have been lost this year, despite the gales.

But the fishermen are optimists who do not get unduly despondent when no fish are caught. Their philosophy is that if they don't get them to-day they will probably get them to-morrow, and anyhow the beginning of the season is never so good as July and August when the grilse—the young fish coming to the rivers to spawn for the first time—are moving up the coast. Given a good run of grilse, they may get forty in a single net, sometimes over 100 in an hour.

"THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL" AT THE HIPPODROME THEATRE: Lieut.-Commander Queeg gives evidence against Lieutenant Maryk, in the play by Herman Wouk, presented by Henry Sherek and Gilbert Miller. From left are—Captain Blakely, the President of the Court (Peter Williams), centre of the bench; Lieut.-Commander Queeg, on the witness stand (Lloyd Nolan); Lieut.-Commander Challee (Peter Dyneley); Lieutenant Greenwald (David Knight); and Lieutenant Maryk, the accused (Nigel Stock).

CELEBRATING THE ACQUITTAL: At a party after the court martial, Lieutenant Greenwald (David Knight) explains how he secured an acquittal for Maryk (Nigel Stock), who is seated on his left. Facing him is Lieutenant Keefer, played by Richard Newton. Second from left is Lieutenant Keith (Robert Hardy).

Herman Wouk, whose novel *The Caine Mutiny* became a best-seller, has now written a play on the same theme which is running at the London Hippodrome under the title *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*. Presented by Henry Sherek and Gilbert Miller, it is directed by Lloyd Nolan, who also takes the role of Lieut.-Commander Queeg. The play is built around the dramatic moment when the Commander is reduced to incoherent mumbling in the court martial.

A DRAMATIC MOMENT: Lt.-Cdr. Queeg (Lloyd Nolan) breaks down after a fierce cross examination.

ROUND THE LONDON THEATRES

Drama at the London Hippodrome; Comedy at the Apollo

"FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE: An excerpt from the revue by Peter Myers. From left to right, Ron Moody, Noel Rossana and the producer, Michael Charnley.

"THE STUDENT PRINCE": Ron Moody and Thelma Ruby take part in a very amateur operatic performance.

For Amusement Only, a revue by Peter Myers with music by Ronald Cass and John Pritchett, is now playing at the Apollo Theatre. Like all revues, there are sketches which stand out in the memory afterwards and others that are almost immediately forgotten. One of the most amusing is Mr. Jimmy Thompson's parody of Liberace. Another is that in which the entire company come together to show Sir Laurence Olivier and Marilyn Monroe in a romance set in a bright Utopia which has Eton and Roedean as a single co-educational establishment. Other highlights are the unfortunate misunderstanding by an Old Vic Juliet, Thelma Ruby, which has her playing Lady Macbeth in the balcony scene, and an amateur performance of *The Student Prince*, in which the voiceless hero has only a wealth of gesture.

TWO PLAYS IN ONE: Hugh Paddick and Thelma Ruby play a mixture of *Macbeth* and *Romeo and Juliet* in a scene from the new revue. This sketch concerns a misunderstanding as to what they are playing.

THE MOLTEN METAL BEGINS TO RUN FOR THE RECASTING OF A BELL: At the Whitechapel Bell Foundry, in East London, the men are engaged in the casting of "Pancras," one of the peal of twelve bells for the City church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside. The church is now being rebuilt after extensive wartime damage.

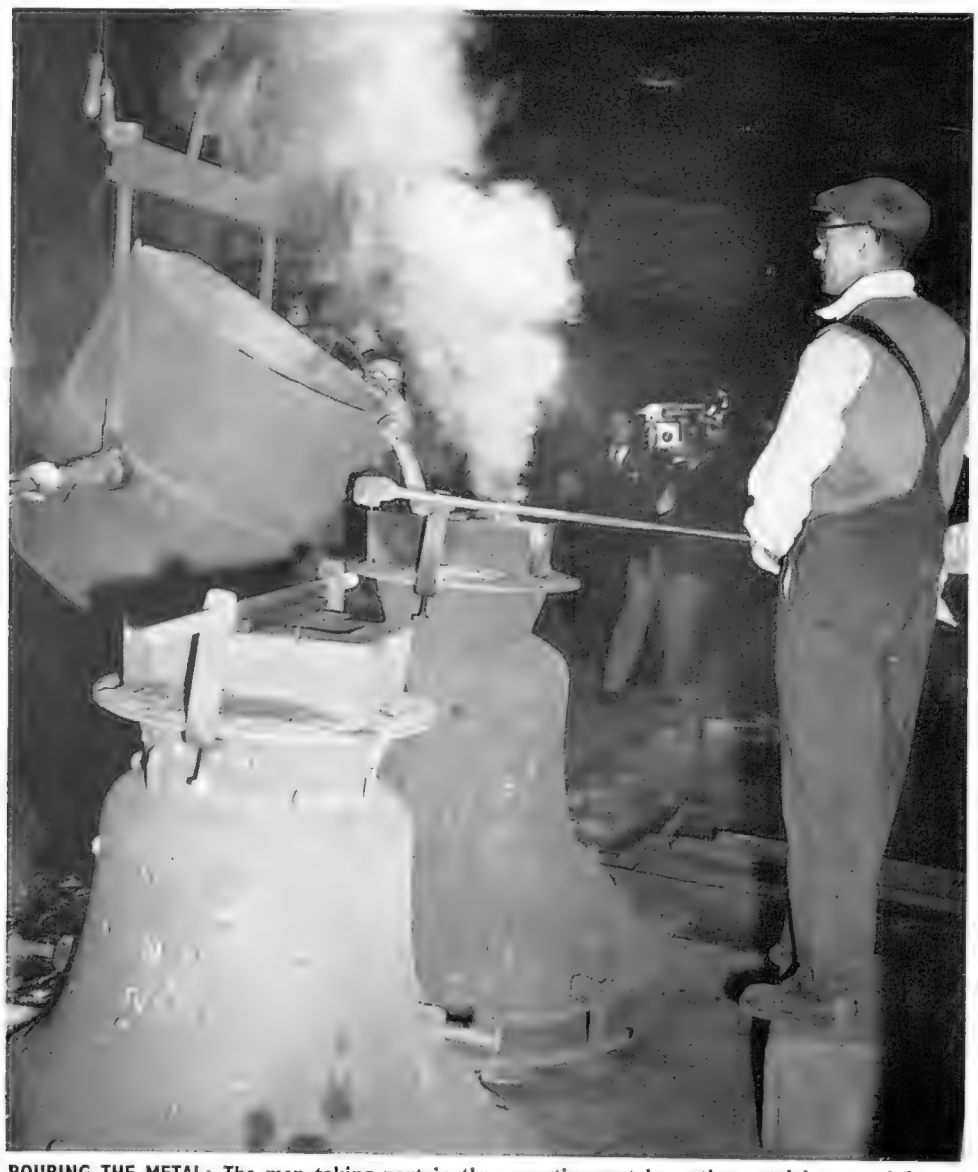
THE MOULD FOR THE SIXTH BELL: It has been given the name of "Faith." In the centre of the group is the Rector of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, the Rev. Hugh Evan Hopkins.

RECASTING BOW BELLS

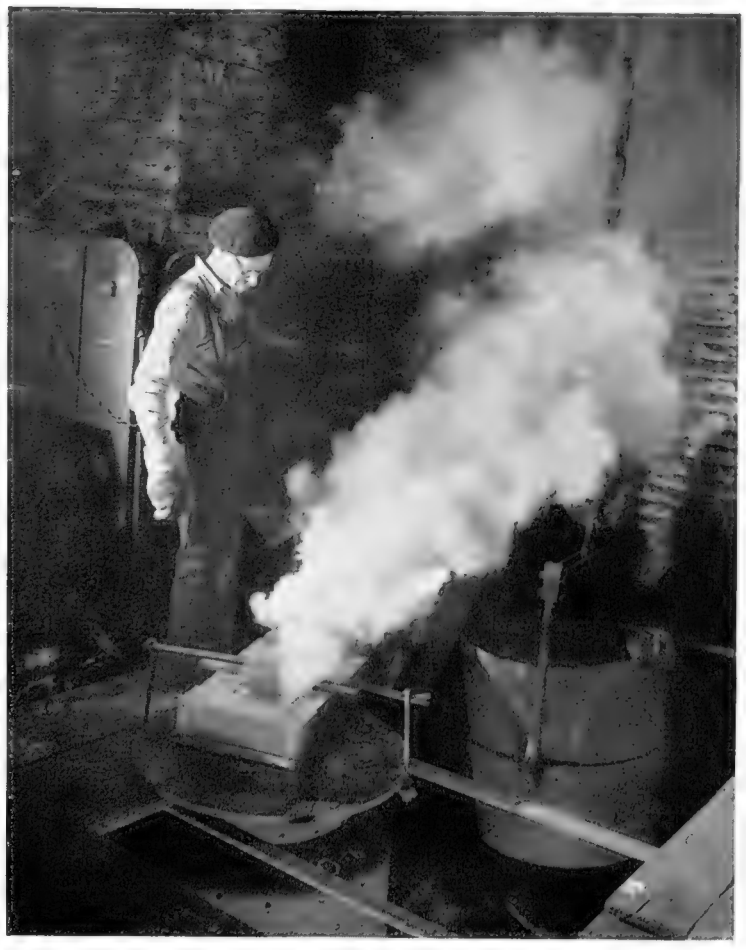
The First Eight of the Peal of Twelve for the Famous City Church have now been Cast and Named

Eight of the peal of twelve bells for the City church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, have now been recast. The work has been carried out at the Whitechapel Bell Foundry, where they were originally cast in 1738, and the original metal has been melted down and reused. Last week the Rector of the church went down to the foundry and for the first time in the history of the firm four of the bells were named as they were actually cast. The mould for the biggest of the four bells was placed in a pit below the level of the floor and the molten metal was allowed to flow direct from the furnace into its head. For the casting of the three other bells the metal was poured from a ladle into moulds placed on the floor of the foundry. It will still be a year or so before the steeple at the church is ready for the hanging of the bells.

THE RECTOR WATCHES THE CASTING AT WHITECHAPEL: The men are pouring the metal into the mould for the casting of "Catherine," the treble bell. A record of the original Bow Bells is still used by the B.B.C.



POURING THE METAL: The men taking part in the operation watch as the metal is poured from a ladle into the mould of the sixth bell. In the foreground is the fourth bell, "Margaret." *On right*—The metal is poured direct from the furnace into the mould of "Pancras," the tenth bell.



AIR NEWS FROM TWO CONTINENTS

New American Fighters and Bombers; an Ex-King goes to "School"; a Solo Transatlantic Crossing

STILL ON THE SECRET LIST: The first production Lockheed F-104A Starfighter flies low over the head of the cameraman. This American day and night fighter is claimed to be capable of 1,300 m.p.h. It is said to be the world's fastest combat plane. Its engine, the General Electric J-79, is the most powerful of any in its class. The design of the air intake is secret, and has been blacked out in the photograph. The F-104A is the production version of the prototype shown below. It is now in quantity production at the Lockheed factories. The wings are thinner than those on rocket aircraft.

THE PRESS MEETS A NEW LIGHT BOMBER: The Douglas B-66 takes off at Castle Air Force Base, California. More than 250 aviation correspondents had been invited there to inspect aircraft of Strategic Air Command, which General Curtis E. LeMay, its C.O., called the "first line of America's defence." The Douglas B-66 light bomber is claimed to be capable of more than 700 m.p.h.

A RECORD-BREAKER IN EMBRYO: The Lockheed F-104 Starfighter is the prototype of the F-104A, shown above. It differs from the production version in having a Curtiss-Wright J-65 turbojet, a British engine built under licence. The machine is designed for great manœuvrability at high speeds. Its knife-edged wings are set far back, the stabiliser on the tail moves in one piece

SUPER SABRES IN GERMANY: The new United States Air Force F-100C Super Sabre jet fighter was on view for the first time in Europe, at Bitburg. The F-100C is now replacing the F-86 Sabre in American fighter-bomber squadrons in Europe. Earlier versions of the F-100 were the first operational fighters to be developed for the U.S.A.F. that could exceed the speed of sound in level flight.

ROYALTY LEARNS ADVANCED NAVIGATION: Ex-King Michael of Rumania sits in the cockpit of a Link trainer. He is beginning advanced training in instrument flying at Lear, Incorporated's aircraft works in Santa Monica, California. The ex-King prefers to be known as "Mr. Michael." He is seen receiving some words of advice from Mr. William P. Lear, Chairman of Lear, Incorporated.

THE FLYING WATCHMAKER: Mr. Peter Gluckman, a thirty-year-old San Francisco watchmaker, arrived at Croydon Airport last week after his second solo crossing of the Atlantic. The journey to Prestwick, via Iceland, had been "quite uneventful." Mr. Gluckman is seen explaining to his father, brother and mother how he piloted his single-engined Fairchild aircraft *City of San Francisco* across the Atlantic.

REBUILDING A FLORENCE BRIDGE: Work goes on with the reconstruction of the Ponte Alle Grazie, in Florence, which was destroyed in August 1944 by retreating German troops. All the other bridges over the River Arno at Florence received similar treatment with the exception of the tourist attraction, the Ponte Vecchio. The formal reopening of the Ponte Alle Grazie will take place on June 24, the Feast Day of St. John the Baptist, the Patron Saint of Florence. Originally built in 1237, the bridge takes its name from a church erected near it in 1372 and dedicated to Saint Mary of the Graces (Santa Maria Delle Grazie). *On right*—Looking down on the construction work. The bridge was formerly the oldest of the six that spanned the Arno, although it was widened and modernised in 1874. It is noted in history as the spot where the Guelphs and the Ghibellines met in 1283, when Dante Alighieri was still in Florence.

BUILDING AND REBUILDING

The American Embassy in London; a Florence Bridge; a London Contrast

ANCIENT AND MODERN LONDON: Sandwiched between two new giant buildings on the Albert Embankment, near Vauxhall, is a small brick house used as a metal works. It illustrates the contrast that is arising in the new layout of London.

A REVISED DESIGN FOR THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY IN LONDON: Mr. Eero Saarinen, the Finnish-born architect who is now an American citizen, has submitted a revised model for the future American Embassy in Grosvenor Square. The new model has been shown to the United States Ambassador, the London County Council and the Grosvenor Estate. It was considered officially by the L.C.C. on June 13. The cost of the building will be at least £1,400,000. It has not yet been decided whether the construction will be entirely in the hands of English firms, or whether the contracts will be offered for international tenders. A start is scheduled to be made on the foundations of the building early in the spring of next year. The main change in the revised design is that the ground floor has been raised to the height of 26 ft. and recessed 5 ft. behind the superstructure. This should give more dignity to the proportions of the building. The facing will be in Portland Stone.

FIRE AND FLOOD

Disasters in Scotland, Belgium and the United States

On left—

FIRE IN SCOTLAND: Ten square miles of forest and moorland went up in flames last week on Royal Deeside, in Scotland's worst outbreak for many years. Timber worth thousands of pounds was destroyed in the fire, which started on Lord Glentanar's estate at Aboyne, and spread to the Forest of Birse, owned by Lord Cowdray. Nearly 300 firemen with eleven pumps, aided by volunteer workers from neighbouring villages and estates, brought the flames under control after thirty hours. A shortage of water forced the fire-fighters to dam burns and ditches, in order to obtain an adequate supply. At one time the pall of smoke spread down the Dee Valley as far as Aberdeen.

Below—

A WARSHIP IN A FARMER'S BACKYARD: A Canadian escort vessel on relief work steams along the flooded Columbia River near Portland, on the borders of Oregon and Washington State. It appears to be almost in the yard of a partly-submerged farmhouse. Last week the Columbia, swollen with rain, inundated thousands of acres when protective dykes gave way. Farmers' families were evacuated from their homes on both banks of the river. Early this year, disastrous floods struck farther south, in central California. More than forty people were then killed, and 60,000 made homeless.

STREETS BECOME RIVERS: The weaving town of Verviers, in south-eastern Belgium, was recently devastated by floods following a tornado, which washed away a river dyke. A wall of water, at times more than 3 ft. high, swept through the streets carrying before it uprooted trees, and furniture and household utensils from flooded homes. Two women and two children were drowned in basements, and several people were injured. The wreckage accumulated at this crossroads and the stranded vehicles in the background give some idea of the violence of the torrent, which wrecked cars and tore up street surfaces. Gas mains were exposed, and telephone and electricity cables cut. Houses and factories suffered severe damage.

On right—

A TIMBER YARD AWASH: Masses of lumber float in a timber yard on the Columbia River, near Kalama, in the south-west of Washington State, after the flood-waters had inundated the sawmills.

THE TERCENTENARY PARADE OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN BRUGES: The 1st Battalion, the Grenadier Guards, parades in the market square of Bruges. This occasion, which concluded with a march-past, commemorated the raising of His Majesty's Own Troop of Guards (from which the Grenadiers derive) by the exiled King Charles I in Bruges in 1656. The Battalion was on its way home from service in Germany. It will take part in the regiment's tercentenary parade at Windsor later this month.

MILITARY OCCASIONS

Grenadier Guards in Bruges; A Corps War Memorial; Royal Visits to the Services

THE GUARDS MARCH PAST: Led by the band the 1st Battalion, the Grenadier Guards, marches past the historic buildings surrounding the market square of Bruges. When Charles II returned from here to England in 1660, he took his newly-formed guards with him and named them the First Regiment.

INSPECTION BY THE BURGOMASTER: The Chief of the Municipality of Bruges walks along the ranks of the Grenadier Guards during the parade which celebrated the tercentenary of the founding of the Regiment.

A WAR MEMORIAL FOR THE ARMY CATERING CORPS: The hall and shrine, with a Book of remembrance commemorating the war dead of the Corps, were opened last Saturday at Aldershot by Lieut.-General Sir Humphrey Gale, President of the Regimental Association. The building is designed by Mr. Henry Tanner and the symbolic group of statuary on the wall of the shrine (right) is the work of Mr. Laurence Bradshaw.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: Her Majesty enters through the guard of honour formed by contingents of the various Services taking part in this year's Royal Tournament at Earls Court, in London. With her is Major-General G. F. Johnson, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Commanding London District. Among those on both sides are members of the Federation of Malaya Police Band, appearing for the first time at the Tournament.

On left—
NEW COLOURS FOR DORSET TERRITORIALS: The Duchess of Kent, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Dorset Regiment, presents new colours to the 4th (Territorial) Battalion. The ceremony took place at the regimental depot in Dorchester. The Battalion's old colours were presented by King Edward VII.

On right—
INSPECTING THE BAND: The Colonel-in-Chief inspects the band of the Dorset Regiment which was on parade in No. 1 dress at Dorchester when she presented the new colours to the 4th (Territorial) Battalion.

Below—
A BATTALION WITH MANY VOLUNTEERS: The Duchess of Kent proceeds along the ranks of the Battalion, which still has a high proportion of post-war old-style volunteers.

MOTORISTS and the ROAD TRAFFIC BILL

An Important Debate for Motorists; More News of Britain's Roads; A Contest for Service Stations; and the World Championship for Racing Drivers

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

COMPULSORY inspection of cars came a stage nearer when the House of Commons added a new clause to the Road Traffic Bill empowering the Minister of Transport to introduce annual roadworthiness checks. It did not go through without opposition. What the Socialists particularly objected to was the intention to use private garages in addition to testing stations run by the Government and local authorities.

The fear was expressed that private garages might be open to corruption. Their mechanics, it was stated, might be willing to give the O.K. to an unroadworthy car. They might also give adverse reports with the intention of getting extra repair work for the garage industry. Mr. George Strauss, Labour Member for Vauxhall, went so far as to say that it was a lamentable fact, but indisputable, that garages as a whole do not enjoy a reputation for shining integrity. Personally, I think that is going a little too far. There probably are unscrupulous garage proprietors but I should say the majority are as honest as most business men. The main complaint against them is their high repair charges, but that is largely due to increased labour costs.

It is the Minister's intention to confine the annual test—initially, at any rate—to cars ten years old or more; to concentrate on brakes, steering and lighting; and to impose a uniform testing fee. There are some 1,500,000 ten-year-old cars in Britain. Add motor-cycles and goods vehicles and you get a total of about 2,000,000. So this annual testing, even when restricted to old cars, is going to be some job.

That Commons debate on the Road Traffic Bill was quite an important one for motorists. Among the other subjects dealt with were driving licences, parking, the speed limit, diesel fumes and crash helmets. The Transport Minister will now have power—if the Bill becomes law—to initiate the experimental use of parking meters, though he hopes local authorities will go ahead with such schemes and save him the trouble.

The Ministry's Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Hugh Molson, made some Members gasp with surprise when he said motorists who outstay their time at parking meters may be charged an excess of 7s. 6d. or 10s. even if they get back only ten minutes late. The ordinary charge is likely to be 1s. for one hour or 2s. for two. When a car exceeds its paid-for time the parking attendant will put a ticket on it stating the amount of the excess charge. The ticket will ask the motorist to send the excess charge to the local authority in whose area the park is situated. The motorist would, of course, pay the attendant if he was around at the time of his return and if the motorist did not want to make any kind of protest.

It certainly looks as if the present Minister of Transport, Mr. Harold Watkinson, intends to be tough on parking. He has stated he wants to drive the all-day parkers off the streets into the garages and car parks. A "fine" of 7s. 6d. or 10s. for "cheating" a parking meter—wittingly or no—should certainly do that. It may even drive cars out of Central London altogether. Perhaps that is what the Minister secretly hopes!

THE FIRST OF BRITAIN'S GIANT FLOODLIGHTS FOR ROAD SAFETY: Housing a battery of floodlights this 60-ft. pylon has been erected in the centre of the new roundabout on the London—Folkestone Road at Farningham.

As it stands now, the Bill makes provision for a change which will be welcomed by many motorists: the issue of driving licences, at a cost of 15s., that would not need renewing for three years. There will be certain administrative difficulties, so for a start the new three-year licences will be issued only to drivers whose surnames begin with the letters A to F.

The Government accepted "in spirit" an amendment suggesting that no driving licence should be automatically issued if the applicant has not held one during the previous ten years. As the law stands, anyone who held a licence before April 1, 1934, can obtain a current licence without taking a test. The London County Council gets an average of about 250 licence applications every year from drivers who have not driven since before 1934.

It looks as if at long last the 20 m.p.h. speed limit for heavy vehicles is to be increased to 30 m.p.h. Efforts to bring about this change have been made, off and on, over a period of twenty years. Now the Transport Minister proposes to take this long-overdue step "in the early spring." Between now and then efforts will be made to reach agreement with the drivers' unions on the thorny question of schedules.

CONSTRUCTING A NEW BY-PASS IN HERTFORDSHIRE: A massive road-making machine is in operaton on a section of the new by-pass for the A.5 road at Markyate. The new by-pass is designed to relieve the pressure of traffic through the narrow main street of the small town (seen in the picture *on left*), where the speed limit is 15 m.p.h.

It is well known that the present 20 m.p.h. limit is consistently exceeded by many of the 110,000 vehicles concerned, and that many lorry-drivers fear they might have to work harder for less pay if the limit were raised to 30 m.p.h. The Ministry seems confident that between now and the spring these fears will be allayed. The raising of the limit is a good move. If the 20 m.p.h. limit were energetically enforced it would put another brake on the flow of traffic on Britain's inadequate roads.

One more topic discussed in the Road Traffic Bill debate to which I want to refer relates to diesel fumes.

A private Member suggested a new clause which would have prohibited the use of diesel-engined vehicles on public roads in the Metropolitan Police district after January 1, 1965. I don't suppose for a moment this Member really thought he would get away with it, but he succeeded in drawing public attention once more to the problem of diesel exhaust gases. The Council of the British Medical Association has already expressed some anxiety about the possible effect of diesel fumes on the health of people who have to inhale them.

Mr. Molson told the Commons that "so far, there was no evidence that exhaust fumes from diesel engines had any measurable effect on the health of those who breathed them." The problem is receiving the serious study of both the Fuel Research Station and the Medical Research Council.

When Mr. Harold Watkinson became Minister of Transport he gave the impression, in some of his earliest statements, that he was going to put a brake on the Government's long-delayed plans for motor roads. It looked as if he were going to direct the money involved into the relief of congestion in cities and towns.

No one will deny that this is almost as urgent a need as motor roads, but motorists will be glad to know that Mr. Watkinson is, after all, going ahead with the construction of motor roads. At any rate, he assured the House of Commons that it was his intention to proceed with the 53-miles St. Albans—Rugby section of the London–Yorkshire motorway "at the earliest possible moment." Unfortunately, it will still be years before this fine twin-track road is ready for use. It will be months before the formalities are completed and the work begun.

Meanwhile the Minister has published a list of twenty-three major improvement schemes on A 1—the so-called Great North Road. Each will cost £100,000 or more. They add up to a total cost of some £12,000,000. There are eight by-pass schemes among them.

Many people—and not only motorists—say this is tinkering with the problem; that the way of dealing with it is to lay a brand-new motor road between London and Newcastle and on to Scotland.

The Mobil Oil Company recently organised a "friendly service" competition among its service stations to promote good service and courtesy. This is all to the good. So many employees at filling stations still give the impression they are doing you a favour when they attend to your needs.

A garage at Liss, Hants, was adjudged the winner of the contest. It is owned by the White Rose Engineering Co., and I give it this publicity because efficient filling stations where you can be sure of "friendly service" deserve support and encouragement. The same petrol company are again this week-end sponsoring an Economy Run organised by the Hants and Berks Motor Club. The R.A.C. have given it international status this year and the organisers have drastically revised the regulations to make the event more realistic. Last year's Economy Run was won by a Triumph T.R.2 with a petrol mileage of over 71 to the gallon.

It 's good to see two young Englishmen sharing top place in the world championship for racing drivers. They are twenty-four-year-old Peter Collins, who won the Belgian Grand Prix in a Ferrari at 118.4 m.p.h., and twenty-six-year-old Stirling Moss, who finished third in the same race in a Maserati.

Both these brilliant young drivers now have 11 points. Jean Behra, of France, comes third with 10 and Juan Fangio, who has been world champion three times, drops to fourth place with 9. Before the Belgian race the placings were: 1, Behra (10 points); 2, Fangio (9); 3, Moss (8); 4 (equal), Mike Hawthorn and Luigi Musso (4); 6 (equal), Collins and Eugenio Castellotti (3).

The Belgian race over the 8¾-mile Francorchamps circuit marked the half-way stage in the championship programme. We have already had the Grands Prix of the Argentine and Monaco, the 500-mile Indianapolis race and the Belgian Grand Prix. Still to come are the Grands Prix of France (Rheims, July 1); Britain (Silverstone, July 14); Germany (Nurburgring, August 5) and Italy (Monza, September 2). The next event at Rheims will be invested with a new interest in what is already proving a vintage year for motor racing.

In addition to the continuing battle between Italy's Ferrari and Maserati teams and the developing duel between Juan Fangio (Ferrari) and Stirling Moss (Maserati), we now have the prospect of a new personal rivalry between Collins and Moss.

Is Collins handicapped by being a junior member of Fangio's team in view of the fact that the Argentinian driver would himself like to win the championship for the fourth time? Moss himself has stated that it is perhaps a disadvantage to be team leader. He has to set the pace, stay out in front as far as possible—and perhaps blow up in the process. If this happens it leaves the way clear for a slower team-mate, who has been nursing his engine, to flash past and collect championship points from one of the first four places.

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TWO WINS FOR BRITAIN

Stirling Moss and Peter Collins Lead the Champions

A DOUBLE TRIUMPH FOR BRITAIN: In two successive week-ends, British racing drivers have defeated the best opposition the Continent could offer. *On left*—In the Belgian Grand Prix at Francorchamps, Juan Manuel Fangio of the Argentine, the world champion, in a Ferrari, leads Stirling Moss in a Maserati. The race was won by Peter Collins, in a Ferrari. Fangio later dropped out with engine trouble, and Moss came in third, after losing a wheel. *On right*—Peter Collins hugs an armful of trophies after his win at Francorchamps. The victor's winning speed in the 312-mile Grand Prix was 118.43 m.p.h. A British Vanwall car was fourth.

Two British drivers, Stirling Moss and Peter Collins, last week reached the top of motor racing's world championship table, thanks to wins at the Nürburgring and at Francorchamps. On May 28 Moss won the 1,000 kilometres sports car race at the Nürburgring, driving a Maserati, and the following week-end Collins, in a Ferrari, defeated all rivals at the Belgian Grand Prix at Francorchamps. They now hold eleven points each. Jean Behra of France has ten, and the reigning world's champion, Juan Manuel Fangio, nine. In this, Peter Collins' first season with the Ferrari team, he has already won the Tour of Sicily, finished second in the Mille Miglia, and shared second place with Fangio in the Monaco Grand Prix. Collins is only the fourth Englishman to win a championship Grand Prix. British cars did reasonably well in the two events. At the Nürburgring, an Aston Martin came in fifth, and at Francorchamps a Vanwall finished fourth.

THE WINNER RECEIVES THE CHEQUERED FLAG: As Peter Collins flashes over the finishing line at Francorchamps the crowd rises to applaud. Peter Collins is the fourth Briton to win a championship Grand Prix. He is twenty-five; a garage owner from Kidderminster.

STIRLING MOSS WINS AT THE NÜRBURGRING: The British driver waves as he wins the 1,000 kilometres sports-car race. Moss's car was an Italian Maserati, which he drove with Jean Behra of France. Another competitor in an Alfa-Romeo saloon approaches on the left. Fangio and his co-driver Castellotti came second in a Ferrari. *On right*—The happy Maserati team after the race. Left to right—Harry Schell, Piero Taruffi, Jean Behra, and Stirling Moss (in crash helmet).

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

DANGERS OF THE RING

Dr. Summerskill on Boxing; Speeches by Adlai Stevenson; H. G. Wells at Home; Squires and Policemen; Travel by Sea and Land; Novels about Ordinary People

I AM neither impressed nor even distracted by Dr. Edith Summerskill's political opinions, so that I speak without bias when I say that the doctor's book on boxing, THE IGNOBLE ART (Heineman. 10s. 6d.), will have the enthusiastic support of nearly 100 per cent. of the mothers of boys. The title itself sums up the angle from which this book has been written. The author makes an excellent point when she shows that a gradual hardening of public opinion against boxing is related to the advance of scientific knowledge. Doctors and the general public now know more of the physical danger to which boxers are submitted—a danger which must include the possibility of very serious brain injury.

A few months ago Mr. Paul Gallico, the distinguished author who had been for fourteen years a sports writer, penned a powerful attack on boxing. I was interested to see that Dr. Summerskill quotes this article fully, and indeed its conclusion coincides closely with her own, for Mr. Gallico wrote: "Prize-fighting and boxing have no value whatsoever in our civilisation, physically, ethically, morally or spiritually."

Mr. Adlai Stevenson was the Democratic candidate at the last U.S. Presidential election. He lost, but he won 27,000,000 votes and the respect of more than his own nation. Now a book of his addresses and radio and other speeches has appeared and its contents make as good reading as they must have made listening. Stevenson's calm style, his admirable good sense and good taste and the directness of his appeal to his audiences or his readers show him to be as far from the old-time ranting demagogue as it is possible to get. WHAT I THINK (Hart-Davis. 18s.) gives one a clear picture of a man's mind: powerful, cultivated, enquiring and perpetually alert.

H. G. WELLS AND HIS FAMILY (International. 12s. 6d.) is a short memoir by Miss M. M. Meyer, who was governess to the Wells' boys during some years. Miss Meyer writes affectionately, simply and even naïvely about her pupils, their family and guests, and although one would sometimes like a little more gossip about such people as Shaw and Granville Barker, Vernon Lee or Robert Ross, one must remember that such indiscretion would never have been becoming to the lady who was such an excellent governess.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS RELATIONS (Cassell. 42s.) is not only a history of six centuries of squirearchy but a review of English rural life during that time, and its 400-odd pages are full of fascinating stuff. Mr. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, who undertook what is so evidently a labour of love, writes that "to understand the English squire is to go a long way towards understanding England. He is its most unique and characteristic product."

Scotland Yard might be said to be another English institution, and Mr. Douglas G. Browne has written of its development in a history of the Metropolitan Police. From the days of Robert Peel and his "Peelers" to the highly organised contemporary scene, the author follows 120 years of change, setbacks, improvements and an unbroken association with the parliamentary system through which a police force first emerged, and to which it is still responsible. THE RISE OF SCOTLAND YARD (Harrap. 25s.) has been carefully documented and, like its subject, is vigorous and straightforward in expression.

The next two books are by sailors and for sailors, but they will also be of general interest. Mrs. Ann Davison's story is of her lone voyage from Plymouth to the Canaries, from there across the Atlantic to the island of Dominica, and thence to Nassau, Miami and, eventually and triumphantly, to New York. MY SHIP IS SO SMALL (Peter Davies. 16s.) is rightly described as an Atlantic epic since Mrs. Davison is the only woman ever to have sailed from England to America alone.

VOYAGE IN A BARQUENTINE (Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.), which was first published four years ago, is the record of a voyage in a 300-ft. sailing-ship from St. Malo around the world and back to Falmouth. Mr. Peter Roach, who wrote this wonderful, uneven and altogether human story, was eighteen when he sailed away in the *Cap Pilar* in 1936. His book is now a classic part of the Mariner's Library.

PRIZES FOR BOOK-BINDING: Sir Owen Morshead, the Librarian of Windsor Castle, on the right, presents the challenge cup for titling to Mr. D. B. Trevor, of Peckham, in the St. John and British Red Cross book-binding competitions. The presentation took place in London. The competitions are open to those in the repairing depots for books sent to hospitals.

Now for three books about land travel, though FRIENDLY ISLAND (Peter Davies. 15s.), by Miss Patricia Ledyard, has a good deal of the sea about it. This is the tale of an American girl who went out to the South Pacific to run a mission school and then found that she had fallen in love not only with the Scottish doctor whom she married there, but with Tonga itself. An enchanting book.

AFRICA IN BLACK AND WHITE (Chapman and Hall. 21s.) is the account of a journey undertaken by two attractive young Australians (I once met them, so I know), who landed at Cape Town and drove up the continent till, six months later, they reached Tangier and embarked for Spain. Mr. Geoffrey Dutton writes easily and without affectation and his photographs illustrate the text as vividly as a spoken commentary.

THE LAST CANNIBALS (Michael Joseph. 21s.), by Jens Bjerre, is the Danish explorer's description of four expeditions into remote and primitive regions of Australia and New Guinea. The cannibals belong only to the latter country. Both for its writing and for its adventure, this is exciting reading and, once again, the photographs are an integral part of the book.

Of this week's crop of novels, the first three are about that vast, eccentric, confused, warmhearted, miserable and splendid body of men and women sometimes known—and how erroneously—as Ordinary People. THE SINGING AND THE GOLD (Heinemann. 15s.) is mainly about a brother and sister, members of the family of a successful South Coast shopkeeper, both of whom are attempting to find something finer and more spiritual than the values they have known. Miss Barbara Goolden, as always, writes with immense sympathy for the young.

PEOPLE TO BE FOUND (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is one of those *tours de force* in which one is compelled to go on reading about the fortunes of not particularly sympathetic people just to find out what happens in the end. Miss Joanna Cannan does this kind of thing so very well.

Mr. Lennox Cook writes about a pleasant, bubbling kind of chap who runs a pub in a small Midlands town and has a terrible time after he wins a big sum in a football pool. THE LUCKY MAN (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is, ironically, the name of the pub and its landlord is revealed as trying to do his best for everyone. Mr. Cook has a Bates-ish touch in his feeling for atmosphere and real warmth in his human portrayals.

Mr. A. G. Street is a practical farmer as well as being a novelist and a broadcaster, and his new novel, SWEETACRES (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), is a farmer's book in the sense that it hymns the beauty, the sanity, and the satisfactions of a farmer's life.

THE DEEP OF THE EARTH (Macmillan. 15s.), by Mr. Luther Thomas, is a thoughtful and moving story about Welsh coal-miners at the turn of the century. The emotion that is so much a part of Welsh life is finely expressed and so is a deep family affection that makes this novel something rather special.

This week there are four crime, adventure or detective stories to recommend to your notice. GOVERNMENT CONTRACT (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) features a tough private detective and his pretty secretary, and the plot takes them from Cornwall to the Iron Curtain countries. Not necessarily believable but good fun, and Mr. Bennett Stanley certainly knows his stuff when he writes about boats. THE BECKONING DREAM (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.) demonstrates that, if you are a rich family with some unpleasant secrets, it is just as well not to have a blackmailing relative. Crisply written by a young American writer, Miss Evelyn Berckman. DEATH OF A BOOKSELLER (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a more formal detective and police story by Mr. Bernard Farmer who has been both a policeman and an authority on first editions, so that when he writes about sudden death and missing books it is apt to be knowledgeable as well as ingenious.

THE LORD HAVE MERCY (Hamish Hamilton. 11s. 6d.) is by Miss Shelley Smith, who is particularly adept at creating a climate of mounting terror and apprehension and is very nearly at her best in the story of an English village and its hidden crimes.

LUFTWAFFE BLUFF

The Overthrow of Hitler's Air Force

The patchwork pattern of German indetermination and muddle, of mixed objectives arising from the absence of clearly-defined high policy, is clearly demonstrated in Karl Bartz's SWASTIKA IN THE AIR (William Kimber. 18s.). From the outset of the Second World War the signs were not wanting, for those with the eyes to see them, regarding the limitations of the German Air Force. When Hitler made his fateful decision in front of Dunkirk, leaving the task of annihilation to the Luftwaffe to save risking his Panzers on the Dunkirk-Merville-Hazebrouk Line, Goering's vaunted air power should have become deeply suspect. In Britain's darkest hour the Luftwaffe failed again. It could not push home the advantage it had gained in knocking out a large part of Britain's fighter force. Owing to interference from the High Command, the Luftwaffe could never stick to a firm policy long enough to see it come to fruition. In *Swastika in the Air* Karl Bartz makes a valuable contribution to military history. The belief that Germany's air power was colossal was widely held throughout Europe in 1939. In fact, Germany probably had no more than 3,000 front-line planes. That gigantic bluff upon a credulous world was perhaps the Luftwaffe's most formidable tactical success.

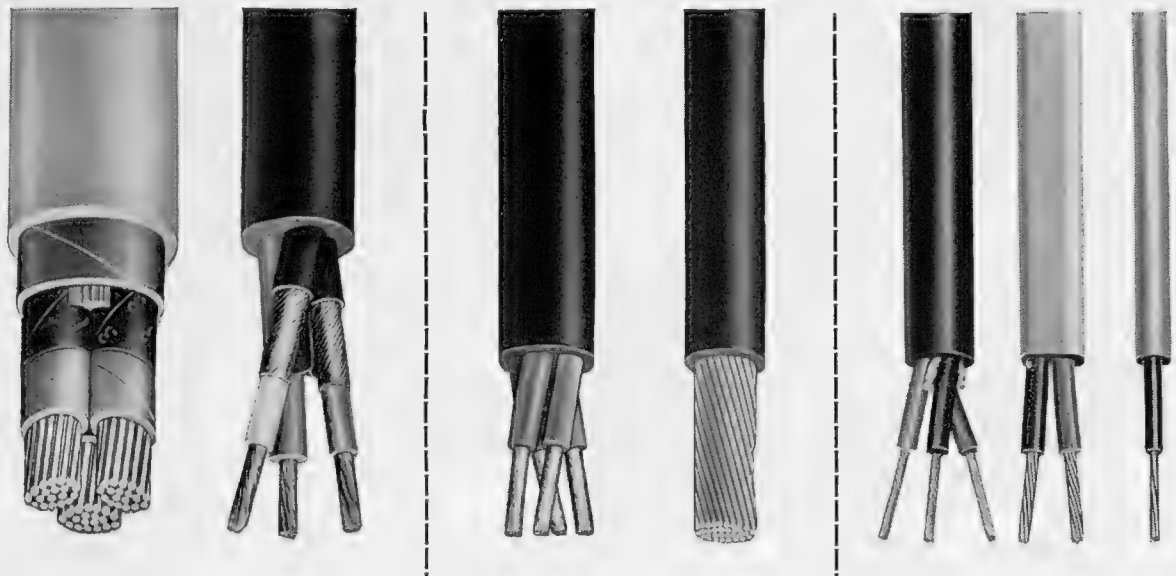
Lord Waverley has written: "A ship, more than any other thing fashioned by the hand of man, has a personality of her own and, unlike anything else, a ship is a complete organism in which life in all its aspects is carried on." There are a whole host of folk, old and young, experienced in the ways of the sea or admirers from afar, who would share that view, and one of them is certainly R. M. Wilson. His volume, THE BIG SHIPS (Cassell. 25s.), is clearly a product of his own abounding enthusiasm. In these pages he discourses on the great vessels which have been launched upon the seven seas in the course of the last forty years. They include the greyhounds of the Western Ocean and some of the lesser but no less elegant ships which have plied between Britain and Africa, Australia, India and other parts of the Commonwealth. The author shows how new forms of power, new standards of accommodation and new demands for speed have brought constant change to the design of liners; the only thing that seemingly has not changed is the affection in which many of these craft are held. Mr. Wilson's volume is illustrated with an admirable series of photographs.

Bernard Gorsky is a man with a taste for adventure, a delight in the sea and the creatures of the deep, and a marked ability to record all he sees with imagination and economy of phrase. With two French companions and a Polynesian, Gorsky bought a 40-ft. cutter (mainsail and storm jibs, and small auxiliary engine), and together they set sail from Dinard to see some of the wonders of the world. MOANA (Elek Books. 21s.) is the record of their journey from Tangier and the Canaries to Panama and Tahiti. Although much of their sailing was serene enough, the four companions underwent their share of hardships and encountered dangers on which they could hardly have reckoned. *Moana* is a delightful book, and always the reader is left with a feeling that the writer has chosen only a cross-section of all the things he might have told us about.

Sir Edmund Hillary and George Lowe, those two heroes of the first successful Everest climb, went in 1954 to the little-known Barun Valley with the New Zealand Alpine Club's expedition. EAST OF EVEREST (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.) is a magnificent record in words and pictures of exploring on the roof of the world. Rough work in the dense bushes and the fearsome gorges led to an assault on the peak of Baruntse. The illustrations help to make this a most valuable record of the expedition.

THE UNIFORMS AND HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH REGIMENTS (Seeley Service. 30s.) is not only a record of the famous units raised in Scotland, but of those formed by Scotsmen throughout the Commonwealth. It is the work of Major R. Money Barnes in collaboration with C. Kennedy Allen, and there is a foreword by General Sir Neil Ritchie, formerly Colonel of the Black Watch. The colour plates are the work of the author.

EIGHTY YEARS OF SHIPBUILDING AND DESIGNING (published by Richards Ironworks of Lowestoft at 5s.) pays a tribute to the little ships of England, their sturdiness of construction and the sturdiness of those who have sailed them. This excellent little volume is pledged to assist the Lowestoft Fishermen's Widows and Orphans Fund.



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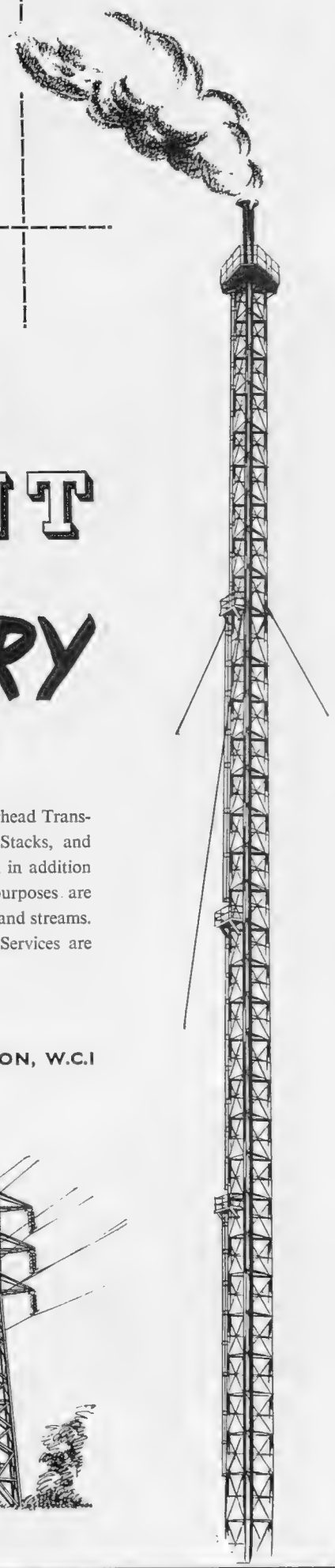

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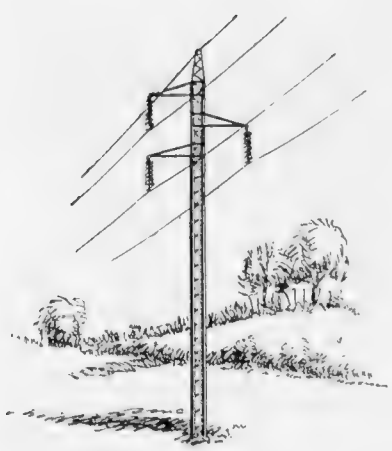

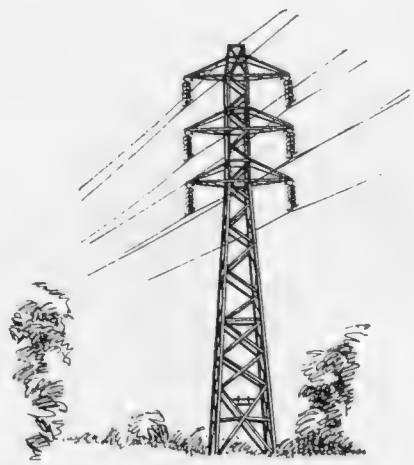

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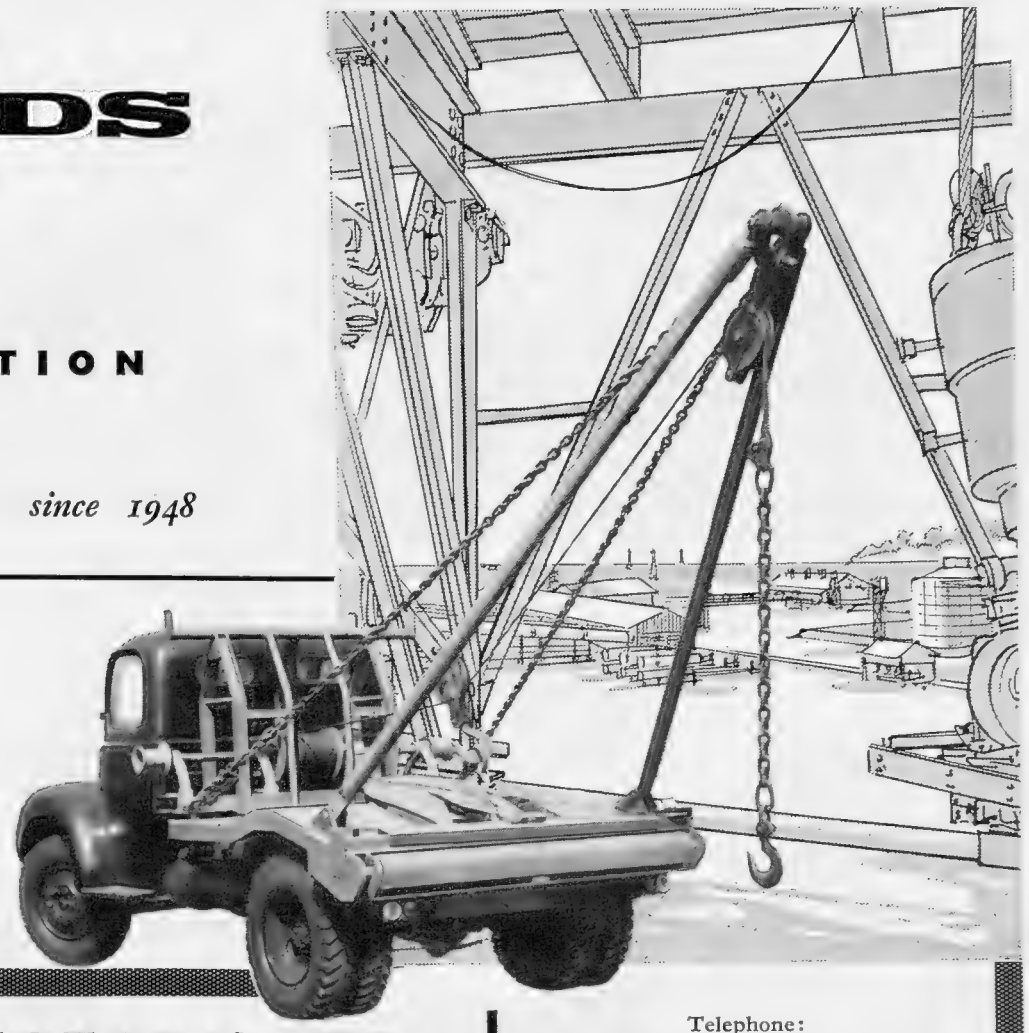

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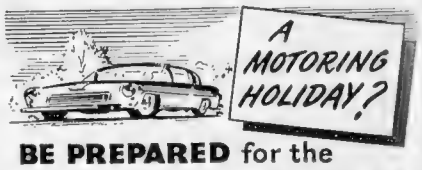

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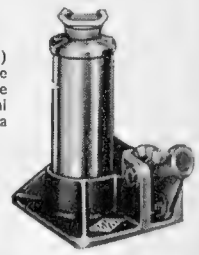

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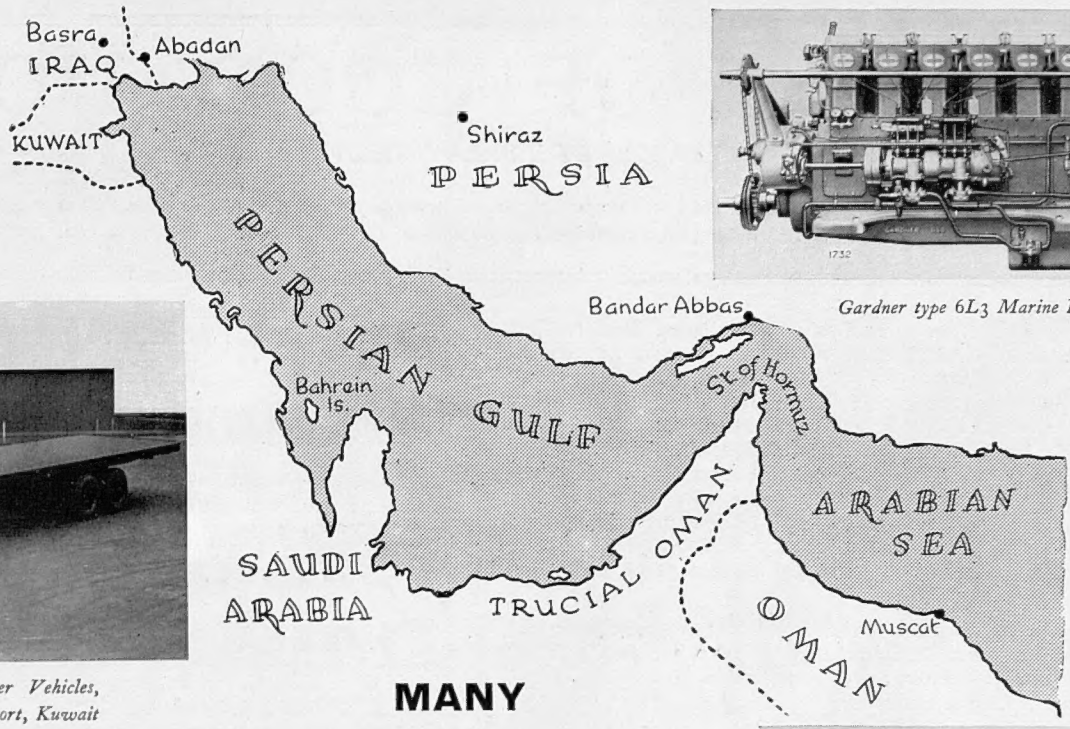

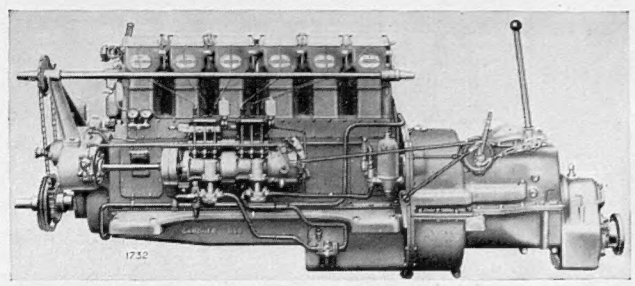

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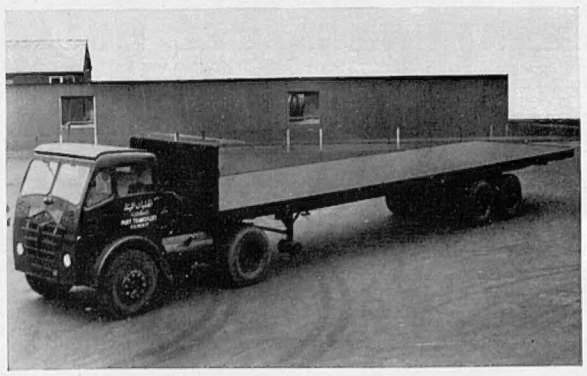

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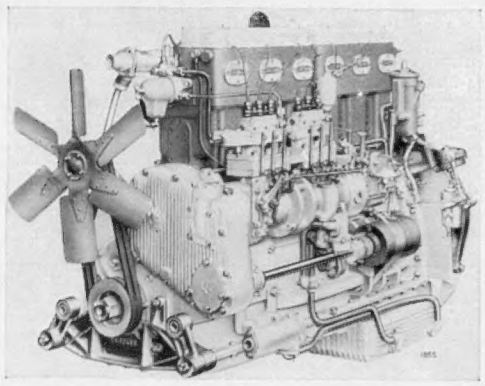

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"SINCE their Majesties and other branches of the Royal Family first visited Weymouth in 1749, and have honoured it with an annual residence of some weeks, during the season, it has become one of the most fashionable of all the sea-bathing places. . . . The place where the company bathe is the beautiful bay which lies in front of the town . . . and at all times of the day immersion in the briny flood is safe and delightful . . . the bathing machines, upwards of thirty in number, are drawn in to sea by a horse to the necessary depth. . . . There are likewise private cold baths, which many timid or infirm persons prefer, to falling at once into the arms of Neptune. A superb bath of this description was erected as a speculation for the use of His Majesty, but it was used only once." I quote from a guide published in 1810.

The fashionable glory of Weymouth has faded, the bathing machines and the horse have long since departed, but the "superb bath" (when you see it you may well smile) can still be seen in the garden of The Gloucester Hotel, of which a part was once the Royal residence.

Fashion, influenced by Royal patronage, is often the prelude to popularity. In this respect Weymouth, on a very much smaller scale to Brighton, attracts the annual holidaymaker and the excursionist. For those who take pleasure in watching the milling throng enjoying themselves the verandah lounge of The Gloucester makes a first-class grandstand. Fortunately, for those who prefer the scenery, the salubrious air and the Dorset hinterland at quieter periods—the holiday season of to-day is short lived—it would be hard to find a more comfortable and well-managed seaside hotel than this Gloucester, where His Majesty took but one bath! Under the energetic direction of Mr. Vincent L. Smith, its managing resident director, who is ably supported by an experienced manager in Mr. Spackman, The Gloucester is a delightful hotel in which to stay, and a most satisfying hotel in which to wine and dine. Open all the year round, I suggest you put it on your list for an autumn holiday or even winter residence.

Motorists proceeding to the West Country might well consider branching off prior to Dorchester, and, with Weymouth as a stopping point, take the less frequented road which goes through Abbotsbury (where the famous Swannery is), which provides a fine vista of the Chesil Beach. In any case, proceeding westwards one comes to Charmouth, which is linked with Lyme Regis in the guide already referred to, and was described as "a delightful village," which it still is. We arrived unexpectedly one April day at Charmouth House Hotel in the hopes of lunch. "Only cold luncheon to-day," Mr. R. K. Ransford, the proprietor, pointed out, but so delicious was the home-brewed soup, so excellent the presentation of the fresh garden salad with the cold viands, that there and then we tore up the remainder of our intended schedule and asked for a room for the night—the result of which is a sincere desire to return again!

Charm and personality pervade this small hotel; pastel-tinted walls, wide windows and antique furniture picked for each setting lend character to a most livable lounge. The majority of rooms overlook a lovely garden with wide vistas of the open sea beyond. A short cul-de-sac lane, flanking the three-acre hotel grounds, leads from this thatched-roofed old coaching inn to the long expanse of beach, stretching from Lyme Regis to Golden Cap.

Lyme Regis, two miles farther on, is an ancient borough built on the slopes of two steep hills, with only one small level stretch, the Marine Parade, culminating in its tiny harbour, the Cobb. The Bay, the only hotel on the Marine Parade and owned by Mrs. R. W. Baker for a number of years, is a model in house-proud perfection. Though it is unlicensed, a director of a brewery took the trouble of writing me last year to say how exceedingly comfortable he was there.

Although Swanage has not grown like bountiful Bournemouth across the bay, there are many who prefer the small seaside resort to the seaside town. Previously in these columns I have mentioned the small "Ship Ashore" Hotel on the Sea Parade. This still goes strong under the active direction of Major and Mrs. G. H. A. Leeds, and as an example of the human touch I noted that on the mantelpiece of each room was a printed notice to this effect:—"The name of your chambermaid is Rose. She also helps in the dining-room. She is a Swiss girl, not long over from Zürich, so please help her over her English." All the staff in this small twelve-bedroomed hotel are dressed in sailor fashion and everything is very shipshape.

The "Ship Ashore" has only limited accommodation and is closed from early October to Easter, but on a recent visit to Swanage my wife and I discovered The Wolfeton Hotel. For some thirty-five years this pleasing hotel has been in the hands of the same family and to-day Miss Nancy Purkis and her staff uphold the tradition of success, built up on personal recommendation. Go there what month you may, and you will find The Wolfeton Hotel has a welcoming and inviting air. Tiny tots may not register the attention given to their needs, but their mothers do, for high chairs, cots, nappy service and gas rings in bedrooms are available. Other features of this hotel that appealed to us were modernly furnished bedrooms, the immaculate cleanliness throughout and the appetising, homely fare which in quality and cooking could not have been bettered.

Between Swanage and Bournemouth lies Studland Bay, where the famous Knoll House Hotel is found. It is probably the best example in this country of an hotel which has specialised in catering for young children. From the outset, Commander and Mrs. Chris Smith built their hotel up by expressly catering for the needs of parents with young children, and as the hotel has grown in course of time from ten to some ninety bedrooms its success is self-evident. Not only does Knoll House occupy a unique position on the Dorset coastline, but within the perimeter of the hotel grounds are sands, safe bathing, sailing, golf links, tennis courts, putting, riding stables and even a full-size cricket ground.

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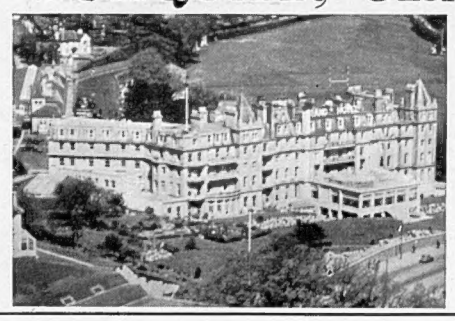

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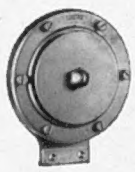

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There is for instance, co-existent with a Five Year Plan, a Five Year Plan to end Five Year Plans, which includes a Five Year Plan for being totally inconsequent and digging up all statues of Workers looking steadily towards the sky as if they had just seen something tremendously encouraging above the horizon. There is also a Five Months Plan for being the person who occasionally takes an extra day off: a Five Fortnightly Plan for realising that though the New is obviously tremendously good in Russia, the isolated Old had individual moments when, intermittently, it was not bad either: and there is a Five Week Plan for reading Tolstoy and Dostoievsky as great literature rather than as significant pointers demonstrating trends in the social evolution of a corporate body towards its destined counterpoise in the pattern of the body corporate. Not unconnected with the above is a Five Day Plan for intermittently allowing yourself to wonder whether the names of the inventors of the microscope, the microphone, 'Annie Get Your Gun,' Macadam roads, and the Bridge of Pythagoras, really perhaps didn't absolutely certainly end in ov or ovitch. There is some support for a Five Minute Plan for getting up ten minutes late in the morning. And just occasionally we put in motion the Five Second Plan for being a person not absolutely clear about his motives and definitely indistinct about his political allegiance.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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